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MEN AND WOMEN OF FAR HORIZONS

Men and Women of Far Horizons

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

JESSE R. WILSON
GENERAL SECRETARY
STUDENT VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT

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FOREWORD

THE brief sketches in this book by and about missionaries reveal the spirit, purpose, and significance of the missionary movement today. No one reading them will get a complete picture, with high lights and low, and every line and color in proper order and relation. One will, however, get a real insight into the life and work of an increasingly representative group of men and women engaged in what someone has called "the most serious and significant of twentieth century enterprises"—an enterprise which still leads all the forces of civilization making for a better world.

A few of the statements are by men and women of the lands to which missionaries of the West go—colleagues of missionaries and leaders in the Christian churches of their own lands.

With one exception (noted at the beginning of the article itself) these sketches appeared in the *Bulletin* or, as it later came to be known, *Far Horizons*, the official publication of the Student Volunteer Movement. Again with one exception all were printed between the years 1924 and 1934 and are therefore representative of contemporary missions and to some extent prophetic of the missionary work of the years immediately ahead.

In many cases the titles under which the statements first appeared have been either modified or substituted for. Combinations of articles by the same author under one title have been effected. Whole sections of many of the original statements have been transposed, left out, or

greatly condensed, and brief portions of some have been entirely rewritten. References to situations which have changed markedly have been dropped. However, the original flavor of each article has been carefully preserved.

Brief biographical notes are given to enable the reader to satisfy, in part at least, the desire which might find expression in some such statement as "I wonder who this writer is." Changes in name through marriage are indicated where such changes have been brought to my attention. Dates are given in cases where some reference in the text might be illuminated thereby.

Special acknowledgment should be given to the various writers, to the editors of the *Bulletin* and *Far Horizons* who originally secured the articles for publication, and to the Student Volunteer Movement for the privilege of republishing the material in this form. Credit is given in those cases where the statements appeared originally in other books or magazines. To others, also, who have helped in many ways, I am deeply grateful.

The work involved was undertaken because of a conviction of need for a missionary book which is neither a formal exposition of missions nor a reasoned argument but which reveals in the lives of missionaries and through unlabored sketches of their work the deep, inner spirit and procedures of the missionary movement. I have observed in my talks to students and to others that I always draw eager attention and appreciative response when I relate such stories as are here given. It is my thought that many friends of missions will read them with interest and quote them to others in a common effort to promote a better understanding of and greater support for the world mission of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

J. R. W.

New York, N. Y.
January, 1935.

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Chapter One

BESIDE BEDS OF PAIN

The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

—John Greenleaf Whittier

THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY

By PAUL W. HARRISON, M.D.

Dr. Harrison, a graduate in medicine of Johns Hopkins University, and a recipient of the honorary M.A. degree from Yale, is a fellow of the American College of Surgeons. For twenty-five years he has been a missionary of the Reformed Church in America to Arabia. His best known book is *The Arab at Home.*

A MAN stark naked came to our door one night. He had been traveling for nearly two days on a donkey to get to us, and finally, as the pain drove him nearly insane, he fell from the animal and completed the last few hundred yards through the sand on his hands and knees. He had no idea where his various articles of clothing had been lost. Some men carried him a few yards to the sea to wash off the sand, and on his return we were ready to operate. Two weeks later we sent him home a very grateful patient.

A round-faced boy of perhaps ten stood before me one morning in the Bahrain Hospital. I could ask nothing better for my own small boy than that his face should always wear the same frank and friendly and unafraid look.

"Well, what can we do for you?" I asked.

"Sahib," replied the boy, "I need an operation." Questioning showed that he was right. Stone in the bladder is common in the territory that he came from, and this was his trouble.

"All right, where is your father?"

"My father is back at home."

"Your mother, then?"

"She wanted to come but there are other children, and so it was impossible."

"Well, whoever brought you, bring him along, and we shall take care of you right away."

"No, Sahib. Nobody brought me. I came by myself. I had no money but whenever I joined a caravan someone would give me a ride, and even on the steamer of the Ingleez [English], when I told the chief officer that I had no ticket, he said, 'Never mind.' It took twenty days to get here, but I had no trouble."

After a long and tedious trip we arrived in Riadh, the capital of the inland country, and an anxious messenger from one of the better houses seized my leg and hurried me off my camel. "My brother is extremely ill," he said. "His hernia has been unreduced for three days and he is suffering intensely. His strength is rapidly failing." A hurried examination confirmed the diagnosis, and with as little delay as possible, instruments were boiled in one pan and dressings in another. Within a quarter of an hour we were operating on that man, he lying on the floor and we kneeling beside him. The air was filled with thousands of flies, and an article laid for a moment on the sterile instrument cloth was covered solidly with flies. But an operation for strangulated hernia stops at nothing, and we were delighted to find a viable intestine. The feet of those flies were doubtless dusty enough, but the sun sterilizes almost everything throughout the day, and so we treated the wound as usual and were delighted by a perfect result.

There are many problems connected with our work, and not all of them have received adequate attention. The Arabs are desperately poor, poor in a way that we of the West do not even know how to picture. The new hospital in Muttreh is ministering to the poorest of them all. Of the dozens and scores that have been entertained as inpatients, we have as yet had no one rich enough to afford a mattress. Their diet is inadequate and unsatisfactory.

It is a question how to meet such a situation. To duplicate for them the exceedingly expensive hospital equipment of the West is a dubious favor. In such a hospital the environment is so strange as to be frightening, and with this strangeness there goes an unheard-of insistence on cleanliness which takes all the joy out of their life and most of the gratitude out of their hearts. To give adequate and thorough medical attention to patients who remain in an environment where they feel at home is the essence of our task. The men's ward in Bahrain looks like a Bedouin encampment. Every patient brings a special nurse. The patient sleeps on the bed and the nurse sleeps under it. Throughout the day the ward buzzes with cheerful and optimistic conversation, and we are able to maintain a psychological atmosphere more favorable to recovery than any we could easily find in the United States.

But under such circumstances is it possible to do good work? It is. Good surgical technique and clean wounds do not depend on ponderous equipment and a multitude of assistants. Our ambition to run a hundred consecutive hernia operations without an infection is still unfulfilled, but we have reached sixty-seven. [Dr. Harrison, since writing this article, has run a hundred.—Ed.] It is even possible to turn out an occasional surgical paper which commands respect in professional circles at home. More important by far, native assistants are encouraged to seek medical training in India or in Syria and thus prepare themselves for independent medical work which in time will make medical missionaries unnecessary.

But the vision of the medical missionary is not limited to the small area of need that he is able to reach. He knows that if one man with strangulated hernia was able to struggle through three days of pain and weariness and gain relief, there were ten who could not. Back where the round-faced little boy came from there are a hundred who need

similar operations and will never get them. Out in the Orient there is an ocean of human need that the resources of Henry Ford and John D. Rockefeller together could not reach. We are not ashamed of the relief efforts that have accompanied the missionary's work everywhere; in them we have obeyed the command of Christ and followed his example. But he wants more than this, and so do we. In one year we repaired three hundred hernias in Bahrain. It had no particular effect on the community, nor would it have had if the figure had stood at three thousand. What is needed is something that will change these communities so that their extreme needs will disappear. There is only one way to do that.

And so the medical missionary goes on from his humanitarian relief of disease and suffering to a proclamation of the Good News as it is in Christ. Does he thereby sever his connection with rational soldiers of the common good and join the religious fanatics? No, he does not. He thereby severs himself from those who try to ladle out the Atlantic with a teaspoon. There is no rational humanitarian service for Arabia except that which has as its object the bringing of men and women to Christ. When we succeed in creating a Christian community there, the divine light of Christ will drive out the darkness of polygamy and free divorce, and then we may expect progress, and it will not be long until medical relief can come from within. Men's spiritual needs are their fundamental needs in Arabia, as in America, and the radiance of Arab lives lived in fellowship with Christ is the supreme contribution we want to leave behind us in that backward country. A group of redeemed Arabs will be the foundation for a new and better Arabia, and for that every medical missionary works all day long and through a large part of the night.

THE DEFEAT OF PAIN AND FEAR

By WILLIAM L. NUTE, M.D.

Dr. Nute is a missionary to Turkey of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

CHILD patients come to us from almost every quarter, but the ones that seem to cry most pitifully for help are those who are maimed in the cotton mills or those who come from distant villages where they have been unable to have any medical attention. I shall never forget one little nine-year-old girl who came with her whole hand a mass of puss and necrotic tissue. She had been working long hours in a near-by factory, where even the children take their turns at night shifts. There she had caught her hand in a piece of lacerating machinery. As soon as the local doctor saw the child he said there was nothing to do but to amputate at once. It did, indeed, seem that there was no other help for her.

But we thought we might at least try a better course, and so we took the little one into our hospital and kept her with us for many weeks. It was a joy to see how her terror and anxiety gradually gave place to hope and confidence. At first every dressing was an experience of fear and anguish. She was restless and eager to run away. But she soon came to realize that we were her friends and that all that love and care could do for her would be done. And later on she would tell us, whenever we changed the bandage on her hand, that in spite of the hurt she would not leave us until she was entirely well.

She had come to us a poor, peaked little thing, but day by day she improved; her little cheeks filled out and the color returned to them. She grew brighter and happier, and to our great joy even the hand soon began to show

signs of improvement. After many weeks it was all healed, and even the stiffness and distortion yielded surprisingly to the massage we gave. She was with us when Christmas came, and what fun she had, when, for the first time, she saw something of our Christmas joys and heard a little of what they meant!

Just before I left for home a little child came to us from a distant village. She had broken her leg some days before, and, as there was no doctor in that region, she had not received adequate care. The best that the village elders knew how to do was to bind the leg as tightly as possible and trust nature to do the rest. In a few days gangrene had set in, causing the most intense suffering. At last her father and uncle carried her in a sort of hammock over the mountain trails and down to our hospital on the plain. When her father told her that he was going to leave her with us, she shrieked with terror. For some time she cried day and night, and begged to be taken home. It was hard for her to understand that she was among friends.

The poor child was in so bad a condition that even after her operation it was days before she began to improve. But slowly there came to her not only health of body but also peace of mind. As she grew to love the nurses that cared for her, she grew more confident and hopeful. She used to beg to be taken up to the nurses' home where she could see the pretty things and play with the toys and hear that wonderful victrola. And then when summer came and some of the nurses went on their vacation, they took her, with a number of other little ones, to their mountain home. There, in health and strength, she grew into a sweet, obedient, joyous child. When at last she was able to return to her home with her father they carried to their village a new lesson of love and gentleness.

SUCH AS I HAVE—BUT NOT ENOUGH

ANONYMOUS

THREE times I have gone to the edge of an African town to a hut where I hope God is going to save the life of a five-year-old girl. She is lying very sick in a dark and dismal hut. In that hut nearly naked Lubans are crowding every available square foot. By this I know the illness is serious; for a sick person to have two or three, or even four or five, visitors at one time is quite ordinary, but this densely packed score or more means the ill one is thought to be dying.

For five days she has been refusing food. The native medicines seem this time not to have done much good. Now, when all reasonable hope is given up, they turn to the foreign doctor for help.

Diagnosis must be promptly made. There are pointers. An immense protruding belly is tender and covers an enormous spleen, very soft and painfully sensitive. A few quick questions elicit a history which supports the first suspicion. A spot of blood under the microscope clinches the matter: malaria! Malignant parasites by the million! And now the treatment: for the case as a whole, prayer; for the malaria, quinine by the needle; for the exhaustion, sleep, the chief handmaid of medicine; for the starvation weakness, proper feeding.

In the hut there is a Christian man, a remote relative, and beyond the fire-stones are two Christian women, friends of the family. And here am I who believe that the blessed practice of healing concerns the spirit, the soul and the body. Remembering that the Good Physician prayed over his patients, we pray. As to the needle, that part is easy. She may sleep naturally when the quinine gets hold,

especially after she has taken a little food. If not, God has given me the means to ensure it. But as to the feeding. Ah! There's the problem! "Now, Katontoka," I say to her father, "let me see you give her some of this food." (I have been away to prepare it with milk.) Kneeling on the filthy rush mat which is her bed, he makes a faint movement of raising the spouted cup toward her mouth. The tiny tot shakes her head, his hand drops back. The attempt is ended. Yes; already ended.

"Go on," I say; "let her drink."

The same feeble performance. And a third time the same useless ritual of pretense.

"Get the spout in her mouth, man," I say; "force it down. She *must* have food."

By a mighty effort this time he raises the cup actually as far as her lips. The wee mite querulously tightens them. She doesn't say anything; she just doesn't want to be bothered. The father lowers the food. He turns to me with an expression that says quite plainly, "There you are; you see for yourself." But all the words he says are these: "She refuses." There is no more to be said or done about it. Three feet of sick babyhood has refused. A hutful of grown men and women can do nothing!

For five days they have been beaten like this by the weary whim of a wee girl. Like this they have left her. They cannot do otherwise. Would it not be cruel with an awful cruelty to override the wishes of an invalid? A sick person is a despot, an autocrat. These folk are not apathetic, they are just kind. For them, every passing whim must be respected. And now they are going to watch her die without raising a finger in effectual help. But if they won't do anything, I am determined to do what I can without them.

I take the cup myself and insert the spout gently between the little rows of feebly clenched teeth. The first mouthful she manages to spit out. After that I hold her

nostrils. Little by little, much against her inclination, she swallows what I have measured out for her.

Now here comes a fresh problem. The difficulty about food is going to recur every half hour throughout the day and perhaps through the night as well. There are, as it happens, nineteen other patients besides our little girl who need my presence with a similar urgency, and who, without it, will likewise be left to the deadly inactivity of friendly undiscipline. This is a very real difficulty.

"Well, what about your nurses?" you might ask.

"Just what do you mean?" I reply. "What about them? Where are they?"

"Well, at least why not put the kiddie into your hospital along with all the others and watch them there all together?"

The idea, I think, is excellent. I've had it myself, too. It falls short at only one point: there is no hospital—yet.

THE GREATEST HARDSHIP

By WALTER H. JUDD, M.D.

Dr. Judd is a missionary to China of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. He was one of the speakers at the Buffalo convention of the Student Volunteer Movement over the year-end of 1931-1932. Parts of his address there are given on pages 127 and 168 of this book. This brief statement is part of a longer article printed in 1927.

MY second Sunday night in Shaowu I was called to see a woman who was desperately ill. The family and Chinese doctor had given her up. She was one of the best workers in the church, as well as the mother of six children under ten years of age. With such resources as we had, we managed to keep her alive for five days. If in addition we could have given her one or more blood transfusions and instituted certain other measures of treatment, there is little question that her life could have been saved. But we did not have the absolutely necessary equipment and materials with which to do these things with safety.

Many people think of the missionary's life as one of peculiar hardship, privation, or sacrifice. I am sure the very hardest trial for a medical worker—in fact the only real hardship I have discovered thus far—is to hold in your hand a human life, utterly dependent for its continuance on what you do with it in the next few hours, and then to spend those hours knowing that no matter how well you may know what needs to be done and how well you may have been trained to do it, you are nevertheless completely prevented from doing it by lack of that which only money can buy. You try your best with all the other measures you have at your command, but realize that about all you actually are doing is helplessly watching.

WINNING A HEARING IN BURMA

By GORDON S. SEAGRAVE, M.D.

Dr. Seagrave is a graduate in medicine of Johns Hopkins University. Since 1922 he has been in charge of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society hospital in Namkham, Burma. The personal narrative of which the following is an abridgment was written in 1929. Since then, Dr. Seagrave has given a fuller story of his work in a book called *Waste-basket Surgery.*

WHEN Mrs. Seagrave and I went first to Burma six years ago we hoped to reach a large number of people and to present Jesus Christ to them in a practical, vivid way in a very short time. We were sent to a little station on the Chinese border. There we saw a dark, gloomy building on stilts. This, they said, was my hospital. We looked inside. The floors of spongy wood were covered with blood and pus stains, and the windows were very small. There were no patients on the wooden beds. We wondered why.

The first necessity seemed to be to learn the Shan language, the language of the Buddhists in our district. We studied from four to eight hours a day. At the end of three months I preached my first sermon in Shan. That was quite a record, but I admit it was the worst sermon I have ever heard in any language.

However, by this time we felt we were ready to begin definite evangelistic work. I organized a gospel team. It was made up of half a dozen of the very best men we had, evangelists and teachers. We went from one village to another. As long as we talked about skyscrapers, submarines, airplanes, or automobiles, which the people had never seen, they would listen to us, but as soon as we mentioned the name of Jesus Christ, every man, woman and child would get up and go out. This happened not occasionally but in every single village.

The reason for all of this, of course, was that these Shans are Buddhists. They have a civilization of their own, of which they are very proud. They had an idea we were spreading some new form of propaganda to destroy their civilization. They had no conception of the nature of Jesus Christ and his mission on earth. We felt that somehow we must put him before them in such a way that they would listen, understand, and believe.

Then we began to build up our medical work. We tried all over Burma to secure the services of a nurse trained in a government hospital. We finally found a Shan girl who had received one year's training in Rangoon. She stayed about six weeks. The trouble was that she wanted to be the doctor as well as the nurse. If she liked my prescriptions, she gave them; if not, she gave something else.

This made us decide to train our own girls to be nurses. We organized a nurses' training school, of which I was to be superintendent, head nurse, professor of anatomy, physiology, surgery, medicine, obstetrics, and everything else. We hoped to obtain two Shan girls. Then I could teach them in Shan. But since only one Shan girl could be found, we took in one Shan and one Kachin girl. The Kachin girl knew neither Shan nor English. I taught the Shan girl and she, knowing the language of the other, taught her. Finally there were twelve girls in the hospital studying nursing.

Our operations for years were performed in a small, inadequate room. We felt we had to have a new hospital. Finally, we got a wonderful one—wonderful by contrast. It cost a hundred dollars.

We were rather well off for instruments. You see, I had been interning in the Union Memorial Hospital in Baltimore the day the head nurse of the operating room went out the back door with a waste-basket full of old instruments. They were all broken and most of them were ill-matched, but at least they were surgical instruments.

They constituted about two-thirds of the kit which I used during my first five years.

But were we faint-hearted? Perhaps we were, the first year or two. But after that we began to get returns. Cures were effected, frequently in desperate cases. And best of all, the people began to listen. Now, when we go on our weekly evangelistic trips we find groups of from fifty to two hundred and fifty of the best men and women waiting to listen to our talks about Jesus Christ. We begin our evening meetings at seven and they never let us stop until eleven. As a result of surgical work, even one of the timid Palongs has been baptized, and the first Christian school is being opened in a Palong village.

Add to the satisfaction of the practice of medicine the greatest privilege of all—that of telling men about Jesus Christ—and you have a work which to me is the most fascinating thing I know.

NEAR THE OLD MOULMEIN PAGODA

By MARTHA J. GIFFORD, M.D.

Dr. Gifford, a missionary of the Woman's American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, is stationed in Moulmein, Burma.

QUIET, purposeful activity impresses one who steps into our hospital. Doctors are making their rounds; white-capped nurses are looking after their patients; visitors are coming with food or words of comfort.

Among these convalescents is a Karen girl in her late teens. She reveals happiness and contentment by the freedom with which she moves. For nearly two years she has known no home but this. About that long ago she was returning with her mother from Rangoon to her home—a day's journey up the river—when the girl's troublesome cough caused the mother to bring her to the hospital for attention. After a few days' observation it was seen that she ought to be kept in bed, and the mother, no longer able to stay, returned home. The cough was a stubborn one and remedies proved to be of little use. Closer examination revealed the presence of tubercle bacilli. The case looked hopeless. Both lungs were affected and the cough was persistent and annoying. However, faith creates hope; and now rest, sunshine, and food, supplemented by medicines, have done their work, and the girl's happiness and health are our reward. It is fortunate that we can rejoice in such payment, for she has nothing for fees. Since our pay is in these intangible things of the spirit, we can rejoice in the further fact that during her stay here our Bible woman has been teaching her to read. In time we think she can read her Bible and through it come to know more about Him in whom she already believes.

* * *

Among the patients in the isolation ward there is one whose smile cheers us all. Theodore is sitting up for the first time—Theodore who has been so seriously ill of typhoid, with complications. It is now ten weeks since he came to us. The first few days he improved so rapidly that he seemed almost well. But the disease got a new hold and soon constant extreme fatigue and the dull, heavy expression so characteristic of typhoid showed that again the fight was on. Seldom have foes laid more determined siege. Day after day the fever showed no signs of abating. Night after night, picking at his bed-clothes or muttering strange, incoherent sounds, the boy tossed in delirium. Constantly a nurse was by his side patiently and gently adjusting a pillow, wiping away the perspiration, sponging the hot body, or pressing on the unconscious patient the food and water little desired but necessary for his cure. The father, too, was near, scarcely taking time to sleep or eat as he tried to help in the fight for this the last remaining of his children. The mother, herself a patient in the hospital, longed so much to be near her son that rules were laid aside and she was allowed to have a bed in the same room.

But the battle was being fought elsewhere, too; and who, after this struggle and this victory, can doubt the value of ardent, sympathetic prayer? The mother—a former teacher—has a large circle of friends; the father is a well known evangelistic worker in a trusted position; and the boy himself, being of more than average intelligence and promise, has many admirers and friends. "Worth praying for," these friends thought, and so they prayed. Small wonder, then, that the boy's smile is good to see; small wonder that the hospital, while acknowledging that it could not have saved him without help from above, rejoices that it could be the instrument used for such a cure.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS AND PREVENTIVE MEDICINE

By GERALD F. WINFIELD

Dr. Winfield is a graduate of the Johns Hopkins University School of Hygiene and Public Health. As a missionary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A., he is teaching biology in Shantung Christian University. This article was written in 1930 while he was the chairman of the Student Volunteer Movement's General Council.

IN THE room where I am now writing, at the School of Hygiene and Public Health at Johns Hopkins University, there is a worm in a little bottle. This particular worm is just one of a species of which we have several thousand, yet it is given a special place all by itself because it is the only worm of its kind ever to have had the experience of living in two different men. And thereby hangs a tale.

A Baptist medical missionary was sent into a certain area in south China where several million people live. After a few years' practice he discovered that in that area more deaths were being caused each year by infestations with this type of worm than by all other diseases put together. Because he had an effective drug for removing these invaders he was soon treating hundreds of cases. An unbelievable number of worms, reaching into the thousands, would be removed from a single patient. But each year these same patients returned as heavily infested as before.

This doctor determined to discover the origin of this worm and, if possible, to work out the means of its eradication. Between operations and ward rounds and out-patient clinics and worm treatments he began to experiment with the eggs to try to get them to hatch and so to give him a hint of the life history of the worm. He was not successful, but his furlough was soon due and he determined

to work at this problem while in the United States, where he would have more time and better facilities—if only he could get the material to work with. Finally he hit upon the idea of swallowing some of the living adult worms. Taking a large dose of bicarbonate of soda to neutralize the acids of his stomach and thus give the worms a better chance to survive, he swallowed three dozen of them. Since they were each some three-quarters of an inch long by half an inch wide, the job of swallowing was itself no small chore. Of the thirty-six only one lived to produce the eggs which this doctor wanted for his work. I am not using this man's name because he did not like it when the press of the world hailed him as a hero for having risked his life to bring dangerous disease germs to the laboratory for study. Some of the journals even had him dramatically die on the doorstep of the Hopkins laboratories.

Three years later—after three years of hard work in this country and again in China—he published one of the most complete scientific studies ever produced on the causative agent of any human disease. This monograph has at its close a paragraph which is an outline of practical procedures which when applied will completely do away with this worm and its resultant human misery and death.

This work was published five years ago, yet today there are about as many deaths from fasciolopsis infection as there ever were in that area where the missionary doctor worked. Why, you may ask, is that? Because in the control of such infections there are a number of steps necessary. The first is to secure the accurate scientific knowledge. This is, perhaps, the least difficult of all, for it depends on the skill and the work of a relatively few highly trained people and is hindered only by the lack of time and the difficulties inherent in the nature of the study. In this case, so far as this first step is concerned, the doctor has done everything necessary.

The next steps are much more difficult of successful accomplishment. They involve the education of the people in the use of the proper control methods, the raising of the economic standards of the people to a point where they can meet the expenditures necessary for carrying into effect the methods learned, and the creation within them of the desire to act on their knowledge and with their available resources. This is a long, slow process, and, in my judgment, no one is so likely to carry it through as is the Christian missionary.

By this I mean that the difficult educational and economic problems involved in public sanitation throughout the world can best be worked out through the Christian method of dealing with people. Those who have the necessary knowledge and the techniques must, through love and patience, share them with those who need them. This can best be done as a part of the total Christian program, for the thing that is most needed in many of these places is a new conception of the meaning and the possibility of life. Wherever religion puts a low estimate on the value of individual lives, wherever the climatic difficulties are such as to cause men to be willing to accept the fatalistic attitude toward existence, wherever people for any reason doubt the value of the possibilities of abundant living here and now, the introduction of the more or less complicated social processes which are necessary for public health are difficult indeed. Recent studies have shown that in a number of areas where large sums of money have been expended to provide sanitary facilities for backward peoples by governmental and philanthropic agencies the actual benefits resulting have been only slight because of the breakdown of the educational process. The mere telling in a more or less cursory fashion of the consequences of not using and the benefits of using even simple sanitary methods has not been enough to overcome the inertia of peoples.

They must have a new vision of life which will create within them the desire for better living conditions. Christianity and Christianity alone can give them this through a new understanding of their worth as children of the Father whom Jesus Christ revealed.

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO DOCTORS

ANONYMOUS

"WELL, if it isn't old Bill Bailey!"

" 'Old Bill' is right, but I'm afraid you've got me. I know your face, though."

"Just like the aristocrat you always were. You Hopkins men never did recognize us fellows from Jefferson."

"Well?"

"But I thought you'd remember your junior in Bellevue."

"Dunc McBride, or I'm a liar! Shake, Mac. How are you getting along? Where are you practising?"

"I'm out in Minnesota doing ear, nose and throat. Where are you?"

"You lucky dog. I stayed in the big city and took up children. Doing fair. Say, I'm glad to see you. Let's see, it must be six years since we used to call on the nurses together, isn't it?"

"You're right, Bill. Six last month since you went out and six in December since I finished. Great old days. Remember that pus appendix?"

"Do I? It haunts me still. Say, where has the whole bunch gone? I've lost track of all except Smith, Burke, Gregory and Fuzz. They are all in New York."

"Stub is doing well in Omaha, Moore is in Duluth; and say, you remember Bob Reynolds?"

"Remember? He's a fraternity brother, the honor man of my class at Hopkins and the best all-around fellow that ever hit Bellevue. Say, that man had brains, but I wish he had had a little common sense."

"How is that?"

"Why, didn't you know? He made an ass of himself;

turned down offers from two of the best surgeons in the country and went to one of those fool missionary society offices there in New York and asked to be sent to China and . . ."

"Well?"

"They sent him to China and no one has ever heard of him since. It's a crime against humanity, I call it. Why, I . . ."

"Hold on, Bill; I've got later dope on Bob than you have."

"What is it?"

"Bob's in America and will be at the convention tomorrow."

"In America! At this convention! Why, I thought he went to China."

"He did, and stayed six years and is at home on furlough. He and his family have been visiting her folks out in Stillwater for a month."

"The poor rube! I'll bet he looks like an old fogey. The idea of a fellow of his ability wasting his life on those Chinks."

"Well, now—let's go over here and sit down. You know, I used to think as you do about Bob's crazy notions and when I heard that he was coming to Stillwater (that's where I'm practising), I expected to see a goody-goody missionary type of fellow who would feel out of place with real men."

"Aye."

"Pretty soon I heard a stamping on my stairway and before I knew it he was in my waiting-room. Say, man, but he's some whale!"

"How long did you make him wait?"

"Who? Bob? Not a minute. I simply heaved out the patients. Bob has been there most of the time since, and say, Bob used to be a good fellow but now he's twice the

man he used to be in every respect. A prince, if I've ever seen one!"

"I thought he was a missionary."

"He is. But let me tell you, that whole idea about missionaries being sissies is bunk."

"Think so?"

"I know it. I've been with Bob for a month now and have met one of his preacher friends from the same mission. Say, they're a pair!"

"Is Bob doing anything in China?"

"Well, I should smile! He is running a hundred-bed hospital. Here is a copy of his last year's report. Look here. Total, 1,521 cases; 212 major operations, 187 cataracts, 123 gun shot wounds, 84 cases of beri-beri, 46 cases of relapsing fever, 14 cases of sprue; leprosy, dengue, malaria, typhoid, skin diseases and so on, down the line."

"They must have a big staff. Who does their surgery?"

"Bob."

"I thought he would take up surgery. But I suppose in a pinch he could do some eye work. Who looks after all the medical cases?"

"Bob."

"Do you mean to say that he's the only man on that job?"

"Yes, Bill; not only is he the only M.D. on the staff, but he is the hospital superintendent, financial secretary, and superintendent of nurses. And the hospital is only a part of his work."

"Only a part of it? What else does he do?"

"He has two out-patient clinics, each running about five thousand patients a year. Of course he has some Chinese workers to help him out."

"He can't be doing very scientific work. He must have gone to seed awfully out there."

"Oh, I don't know. He has contributed a lot of articles

to the China Medical Journal, many of which were copied in journals both in this country and in Europe. He showed me some of the reprints. Two on eye conditions, two on skin, three on intestinal parasites, and a couple on renal calculi. Most of the stuff was beyond me, and say, do you know why he is coming here to this medical meeting?"

"No, why?"

"He comes as the guest of the association and to read the main paper before the medical section. The paper is on—deuced if I remember what he said it was on. Something entirely new, and Bob has got a lot of first-hand dope on it."

"Oh, is Bob Robert J. Reynolds, A.M., M.D., F.A.C.S.? I didn't recognize him. But do you think he should go on this program? You know there are a lot of highbrows here."

"Don't you worry about the highbrow stuff. Bob will be right at home among the top-notchers."

"Maybe that's true, but he has no chance for post-graduate work."

"No chance? Bob has a scholarship for $1,500. He starts soon for eighteen months with the Mayos."

"The Mayos? Great Scott! That's a break many of us here would like. Are there many American doctors in China?"

"Bob says about two hundred, and a corking good bunch they are, too."

"They are welcome to it. Me for the good old U. S. where people know how to appreciate what you do for them."

"Appreciate? Oh, boy! You should see the things Bob has from grateful patients; besides, he has a medal the president of China gave him as a token of appreciation for the splendid work he did in a recent epidemic of cholera."

"Cholera epidemic? I thought he was running a hospital?"

"He is, but the American Red Cross asked him to take charge of the campaign against cholera in a neighboring city, and he went. He has also served on commissions to stamp out typhus and pneumonic plague on two different occasions."

"China! One horrible place to raise a family. Has Bob any kids?"

"Two boys and a girl, and say, they are great. Bright! That oldest boy of his, nine years, knows more about world events and world geography than a city editor, and he knows his three r's, too. His mother taught him. He enters sixth grade this fall. He is all boy, I'll tell the world."

"Bob must be getting a big salary or he wouldn't have stayed out there as long as he has."

"Wrong again. His salary is small but living expenses are low. Bob carries considerable insurance."

"How big a town is his hospital in?"

"Only about two hundred and fifty thousand, but his plant is theoretically responsible for the medical care of a population of three million and he is the only M.D."

"Too much for one man, a hundred-bed hospital and all. How many nurses does he have?"

"Several, but he is looking for two more now and two doctors, also, to take back with him when he returns for his second term of service."

"Take back? Is he going back?"

"Say, Bill, you ought to hear him talk. He wouldn't trade jobs with any dozen of the best doctors in this country. Going back? He loves his work and I would give anything to be able to go back with him."

"Would you? Well, to tell you the truth, it's beginning to look a bit different. I believe he has a real man's job

and then some. I'm with you. Let's go and help Bob out. We three could tear things loose over there."

"Nothing doing, Bill. I applied to his society and they turned me down cold."

"Turned *you* down? Why?"

"Too old. Won't take a man over thirty-two. Can't get the language."

"Tough luck. Is the language necessary? Can Bob talk it?"

"Better ask him when he comes tomorrow. Time for the reception. Going?"

"Sure, and believe me, I've got to see Bob."

THE SENSE OF USEFULNESS

By CYRIL HAAS, M.D.

Dr. Haas, a graduate in medicine of the University of Michigan, went to Turkey in 1911 as a missionary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. His hospital is in Adana.

I HAD been settled in Turkey but a few days when the request came that I should visit a Greek lad who was very ill. I was told that the attending doctor and his colleagues in consultation had made their last visit, the final word being that the boy was in a hopeless condition, dying, in fact, and that all would be over within an hour. The priests had left also, to prepare for the burial; in tropical countries this is required the day of death. The young lady who had come for me told me that she did not expect that I could do anything for the boy, but that if I came it would be a comfort to his parents. Entering the sick room and edging my way through the crowd of sympathizing friends, I saw a boy of six, with bulging eyes and purple face, violently struggling for breath. A hurried examination assured me that it was a turgid congestion and not a formed membrane that was gradually choking the life out of this youth. I tried inserting a tube into the throat as an emergency relief and to gain time. This failing, I began giving five minute doses of a widely used American remedy for croup. The boy could swallow with difficulty and was just conscious enough to know that something was being attempted to save his life. He offered magnificent cooperation. Within half an hour there was a change. In an hour he was breathing easily and normal color had come back into his face. When I left him he was comfortable and sleeping. Within two days he was playing again with his chums on the street.

When word reached the doctors who had seen him earlier in the day that the boy was better and would live, they said it was a lie, that they had seen him practically dead before they left the house. Word went abroad that a miracle had been performed by a foreign doctor. But I knew that only a simple, practical measure had been put into use, and I knew this, also: it was my presence there that day that made this simple measure possible—and a life was saved. This was my first experience as a doctor abroad.

Just eight years later I was ready to leave Adana for a year of change and study in the United States. Our little hospital was closed, the instruments had been oiled and packed away, the nursing staff had dispersed, and I was awaiting telegraphic permission from British military headquarters to leave the district.

A young man came late one evening begging me to see his wife, who, he said, was suffering from severe pains in the abdomen. I accompanied him and found the patient suffering from severe colic in the lower abdomen. She had no fever but a rapid pulse. Her face seemed to indicate the loss of blood, but there were no visible signs of bleeding. A sense of fear and helplessness shot through me as I thought of the probable condition of this woman—and my hospital closed! I advised complete rest, ice to the abdomen and some medicine. Before leaving I requested the husband to call me if the pains grew worse.

Early the following morning he came hurriedly, saying the pain was worse and that his wife seemed very weak. Seeing her again, I knew without doubt that it was a condition calling for immediate surgical intervention. I explained to the husband my helplessness in this emergency, with all my equipment packed away and help gone. Whereupon he threw his arms around me and said, "I will not let you go; unless you do something for my wife, I know

she will die." This was irresistible. I hastened to the hospital. Within an hour the operating room was cleaned, the linen boiled, the instruments sterilized, and the patient on the table. The abdomen was opened and found to be filled with warm, fresh blood: a ruptured artery was draining the life fluid of this woman. It was a short procedure to ligate the artery and cleanse the abdomen. Before I left the city the woman was sitting up, happy in the assurance of life and health.

This was my last experience, and in it, also, I did only what any well trained American doctor could do. But I was there, and that made possible the saving of this woman's life. Between this first and this last experience were hundreds of others like them, and they have brought to me something far more to be desired than wealth, renown, position in society, ease, or comforts; and that something is the *sense of usefulness.*

"What on earth do you do that for?" said a doctor to Richard C. Cabot when he announced his intention to study medicine. "It's a dog's life—no holidays—no Sundays—no evenings—nothing but steady grind, and mighty little thanks for that. Medical school and hospital service are good fun, to be sure, but after that there is an awful anti-climax."

I recall a meeting of a hundred and fifty students, all of them interested in the missionary enterprise—some of them planning a career in it. The president of a Middle-Western college was addressing the group. As he looked into those eager, expectant faces, he said, "Remember—those of you who are thinking of going into some mission field—remember that you must leave romance behind and expect ninety per cent drudgery." Then it was I thought of what drudgery is, and the difference between it and work and play. "Work," as Dr. Cabot defines it, "is human activity with the thought of future reward. Play is

human activity with the thought of immediate reward. Drudgery is human activity with the thought of no reward at all." Mission work ninety per cent drudgery and no romance! "A dog's life" and "mighty little thanks!" If this is the expected reward, then I have been agreeably disappointed. Thanks and appreciation? They come flooding my days.

With me this whole business has seemed like ninety per cent romance and no drudgery; the romance of a fierce struggle against daily difficulty; of facing hazardous tasks and critical adventures; of trying to play the man in the daily round, the common task.

It was only a few weeks before I should leave my Oriental city for another stay in the United States—a hot, dusty Sunday in the middle of June. The family were coming down to the hospital dining room for the noonday meal. Just as I started to enter the room, an old, bent, wrinkle-faced woman, covered with perspiration, ran to me and thrust a basket of fruit into my hands. It was the first picking of grapes from her little vineyard. She had trudged through the heat and dust of that hot day for two hours to do the biggest thing she could for me. Why this show of gratefulness? Because we had been interested in her grandchild, her only treasure on earth, who was having a stormy convalescence from typhoid fever. She was grateful because we called her by name and not case number; because we were glad when there was progress and concerned when there was a setback; and because we advised her about more things than the time to give the medicine. She had trusted us absolutely and we had not failed her.

Her kind could be numbered by the thousands, showing their thankfulness in many ways—in prayers for our long living; in prayers for the family and for the health of our children; in prayers for the health of my soul and the cunning of my hand; in gifts of sheep and chickens, turkeys

and geese, fruits and vegetables, cakes and confections; in urgings to be a guest in their homes; in the sending of their sick friends to us. And what recompense is to be compared to such practical evidences of appreciation? One loves to serve and one's service is effective among patients like these. I have never yet met a missionary doctor who was not passionately in love with his work. Can you guess the reason?

Chapter Two

IN CLASSROOM AND LABORATORY

Servants of God!—or sons
Shall I not call you? Because
Not as servants ye know
Your Father's innermost mind,
His, who unwillingly sees
One of his little ones lost—
Yours is the praise if mankind
Hath not as yet in its march
Fainted, and fallen, and died!

—Matthew Arnold

A SCHOOL VILLAGE IN NORTHERN RHODESIA

By MABEL SHAW

Miss Shaw is a missionary in Northern Rhodesia of the London Missionary Society. The girls' boarding school at Mbershi, developed under her leadership, has created widespread interest in missionary educational circles. She has described the life of the school in her book entitled *God's Candlelights*. The following statement is an abridgment of an article by Miss Shaw that first appeared in the October, 1925, issue of the *International Review of Missions*.

O thou great Chief, light a candle within our hearts that we may see what is therein and sweep the rubbish from thy dwelling place."

This is the prayer of an African schoolgirl in a little school on the forest uplands of Northern Rhodesia.

It was Christmas Eve in our school compound, and the girls gave a representation of the Nativity in symbolic scenes. The shining light of moon and stars lit up the wondering faces of a silent throng of people gathered there. From a little round thatched shelter in the center, the light blazed forth, and round the quiet figure of an African girl holding a little peaceful babe there knelt those who had come out of the shadows from north and south, east and west. There were shepherds and kings, little eager children and seeking women—the whole hungering, wistful world of Africa represented there. When the last sweet notes of their song died away, they rose to go, but not empty-handed; each one carried with her a little lighted candle. The darkness now was broken by innumerable gleams of light, the soft yellow glow made beautiful the rapt faces of children as they guarded the flickering flames in steady hands. For each child the way was clear, stones in the path were revealed, all could walk without fear or

stumbling. Perhaps it was this picture before the child's eyes that called forth the prayer, "Light a candle within our hearts." It is certainly the picture before us as we live our life among the girls in our school village.

There may be other schools in Africa similar to ours; certainly there are many doing far more excellent work. We are just learning, learning often with the children as our guides and teachers; making experiments in education the results of which cannot yet be judged because they are all new. When I first went out I tried the dormitory system, but I was not happy about it.

Now we have a school village in which a hundred girls live. There are small houses, each one with its little family. Our prefects are called house mothers, and each one is the owner of her little house for the time being. The eldest of her family is promoted to "auntship." The aunt helps the mother in all the care and governance of the house. There are other buildings in our village, school, classrooms, kitchen, stores, and a European dwelling-house, and there is in the center of the big enclosed courtyard that picturesque thing seen in every village round about: a large circular thatch supported on poles. It is the center of all African village life, social, political, religious, and it serves very much that same purpose for us. Each little family under the direction of the mother spreads its meals on the ground outside its little house—in wet weather under the grass shelter—and eats together as a family, in the ordinary African way, round a common pot, with no awkward implements but with well washed, useful fingers.

The duties of the household are distributed equally among the members of the family by the mother. Even the youngest—often a little thing of five—has her own particular duty. The assignments are changed each month so that each child in her turn may do all the tasks of an African household and learn to do them regularly, effi-

ciently, happily. There is keen and healthy competition among the house mothers; each of the children, too, is eager that her house should not be behind another in orderliness, cleanliness, and beauty.

Each day at stated times the mother marshals her family, and with pots or buckets on their heads all go off to the stream for water. Two days a week she, with her ax, takes them into the forest for the week's supply of firewood. Every afternoon, armed with a piece of soap, she takes them to the bathing place in the river and sees that every child is well soaped, from head to foot, before she plunges into the cool, cleansing water. On Sunday morning she anoints her large family with oil till the dark skins look as soft and beautiful as velvet. Should one of her family be sick, she prepares special food for her and nurses her in so far as she is able—often waking and getting up in the night to see how the sick child is. She, with the aunt, washes and irons the garments of her family, mends clothes and blankets. All of them, from youngest to oldest, make the one simple cotton garment they wear.

It is a village life in every way, not least in the time and energy spent in the school gardens. We grow in abundance all that the African woman grows. The growing of the cassava root from which flour is made, the preparing of the root, and then the pounding of the flour is done by the house mothers and aunts with the help of some of the bigger children. Then there is the shelling of the groundnuts and beans, the drying and storing of them, and the making of peanut oil with which the bodies are anointed. New things are being grown, fruits and vegetables, and all the work except the hard digging is done by the girls. They even make many of the small earthen pots we use.

The days are very full; from dawn till set of sun from that little village rises the hum of happy voices, the music of laughter and song. Singing and games, drills and dances

feature largely on our time-table; net-ball is one of the links between the old girls and the present school, for our matches are old girls *vs.* school. Work, lessons, play—all have their turn, and when the night comes up swiftly out of the forest it brings God's "quiet festival of sleep."

The school session is from nine to twelve-thirty. Our staff consists of two Europeans and four of our own girls who, considering the very little training we are able to give them, do remarkably well. We teach the usual things, with the needs of the children and the life they are going to live always at the back of our thinking.

The parents bring their children to school when they are quite young, some only five or six years old, and they stay until they are married. At present we have girls of seventeen or eighteen, even nineteen, with us. There is no lack of suitors for them. Quite the reverse; the girl's difficulty is to select the right one from the many who beg her favor.

One could hardly separate the definite religious exercises from the whole life of the school. The morning prayer service at sunrise is a receiving of a new day with thanksgiving, the inflooding of our own emptiness with the life that is in the dawn and the light and the clear sweet air, that life which we have in common with trees and flowers and birds and animals and all the fair growing earth; and at night it is a gathering up of our day, in all its incompleteness, and giving it into the completeness of Him whose love overshadows us as the night does the earth. That life to us is incarnate in our Lord whom the children call the Great Chief, a living, spiritual, loving presence about us the whole day through, sharing our life, guiding us, protecting us, raising us when we fall; and all that we do in school, in yard, in garden, is towards the one great end—the receiving here and now of the life eternal which he offers.

INDIAN STUDENTS AND THE GAP IN HINDUISM

By W. E. S. HOLLAND

Mr. Holland, a missionary to India of the Church Missionary Society, has served in many important positions, among which are the following: warden of the Oxford and Cambridge Hostel at Allahabad, now known as Holland Hall; principal of St. Paul's College, Calcutta; staff member of the Union Christian College, Alwaye, South India, where he was helpful in founding the Alwaye Settlement; and principal of St. John's College, Agra. Mr. Holland came to America in 1927 as a speaker and leader at the Detroit Student Volunteer Convention. The following statement was printed in 1928.

I WAS going along the corridor of my hostel in Calcutta one evening when a Hindu student came out of his room. He had been in college only a few weeks and I didn't know him. He came out on the veranda very excitedly and clutched my arm, saying, "Sir, can you help me?"

I went into his room and tried to quiet him down and find out what was the matter. He said, "Sir, I am undone. My health is ruined. I have lost all power of will. I have got to go to those places once or twice a week. I cannot keep away. Can you help me?"

I thought of a Christian student who came up from the villages to Calcutta where he soon fell into the temptations of the great city. He found his way to a hospital. Through the help of the hospital chaplain, he came back to college treading on air. I watched that lad fight his victorious battle. He had the light of God in his face.

I told this Hindu student about him. "What Christ has done for that boy he can do for you." My words left him unmoved. He knew nothing about Christ. I suggested we should read the gospel together to find out about him. He said, "Sir, I want something this week. I don't want to

go once again. I want something now." He was very much excited. I went to the best Hindu I knew, the leader of one of the chief reformed sects, a Brahmo Samaji in Calcutta. I told him the story of this Christian lad and then of the Hindu lad and of Father H——, the hospital chaplain, and I said, "Now, I want to ask you, is there in all Calcutta a Hindu Father H——, or a Hindu influence or a Hindu society, or a Hindu institution, or a Hindu anything to which I can send this boy and have him rescued now?" The old man passed his hands helplessly to and fro. I said to him, "Well, what shall I do?"

"Can't you take him to your chapel? Can't you pray with him? Can't you read the Gospels with him? Can't you lend him St. Augustine's Confessions?"

Do you see the gap in Hinduism which only Christ can fill? How the words ring in one's ears! "Sin shall not have dominion over him." "I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me."

I was talking one day to a Hindu who is one of the leading authorities on Hinduism as it appears to the educated Hindu today. He was a judge at Allahabad. We talked for three hours. (You can't hurry in the East. God has all eternity before him, and so has the good man!)

We had been speaking of conversion, and I had said that by conversion I meant this: seeking become finding. My friend had had the best of the talk—he was a far abler and a far more learned man than I—and because he knew he had had the best of it, he was kindly. As our talk drew to an end, he said, "Well, Mr. Holland, after all, there is not much difference between us. You Christians are converted when you find God in Christ. We Hindus are converted when we find God in ourselves." I said, "There is not time for more than a minute on that. I would only say this: in countries where Christ is known, conversions

happen. I could take you here in Allahabad to a hundred of my Christian friends, Indian and English, and you would get this sense of which we have been speaking, the sense of uplift, of inspiration, of discovery, of something to pass on. And you know how small is my acquaintance with Indians who are not Christians: just a few hundred students and a score or so of educated men, lawyers, journalists, teachers, and the like. But if I had to sum up in a single sentence the impression they have left, I could only say that never once have I got from them an intimation that they have found!"

My friend's whole manner changed. His voice dropped, and standing by his gate he said to me: "Mr. Holland, you are perfectly right. I know a great many more educated Hindus than you—Brahmos, Aryas, Theosophists, followers of the Sanatan Dharma—and I do not know one who has found."

A MOSLEM STUDENT PLEADS FOR CHRISTIAN TOLERANCE

By WILLIAM A. EDDY

Dr. Eddy was for five years a missionary teacher in the American University at Cairo. He is now professor of English at Dartmouth.

ALI SAIF EN NASR is the son of a wealthy, proud, and devout Moslem chief in the Fayoum Oasis. When he came to the American University at Cairo in 1923 it was with the express understanding on his part that he would not submit to Christian "propaganda." But as no one noticed this chip on his shoulder he soon forgot to carry it around.

Four years passed, with Ali becoming increasingly active in dormitory social life, athletics, and college activities in general. He became the student cheer leader and super fan—a prophet of sportsmanship. Still a Moslem, he had forgotten his critically hostile attitude in daily and Sunday chapel. Ali was now a part of the college life to which he was devoted. But he would have said that the college had not affected his religion.

In 1928 he wandered one evening into a downtown mass meeting of five hundred sheiks of El-Azhar, the chief theological seminary of Islam. There he listened to an impassioned declaration of hate against Christianity, followed by a riotous clamor to persecute any and all converts. As the air grew heavy with imprecations and threats, Ali protested with his nearest neighbors against intolerance and bigotry, pleading "live and let live." A circle formed, he was threatened with uplifted canes, taunted with being a Christian. He jumped to his feet to address the crowd, proclaiming his name and family, known well to all:

"Are you animals to fight with your claws? Shame on

you! Cannot our religion persuade of its own self? If not, let us be converted to anything that will make us gentlemen. I am a Moslem, but there is no use being a Moslem unless we can conduct ourselves with ordinary Christian courtesy."

The speech was not very successful, and he barely escaped assault. It is to be feared that his disgust and wrath found expression in words that had best be forgotten. But he had echoed the lesson of Gamaliel that truth and courtesy must rule though the heavens (Moslem or Christian) fall.

FROM HAREM TO MEDICAL COLLEGE

By SANNIYEH HABBOOB, M.D.

Miss Habboob came to the United States from a mission school in Syria in 1926. After a year at Western College, she entered the Woman's Medical College, Philadelphia, from which she secured an M.D. degree in 1931. For the next two years she served her internship at the college-hospital. She is now in Syria realizing the dreams of helpfulness to Mohammedan women which she reveals in this statement.

I CAME from the seclusion of a Mohammedan home to a medical college! I was the first Mohammedan girl in my district ever to enter a missionary school. I did it only in the face of great opposition. In this school my mind began to grow. I got into the way of analyzing and verifying things. I asked myself, "What is the difference between my Christian sister and my Mohammedan sister? Why is there such a difference? My mother is perfectly healthy but has no life and no activity outside our own home. Why is this? Why am I becoming so attached to my teacher? What is the Mohammedan faith and what is Christianity?" These were the questions troubling my mind when I was only eleven years old. But I began soon to find the answers to them.

When I was thirteen I graduated from the school and, having a high school degree, was supposed to be a learned woman, in fact, ready for marriage. Thirteen years is considered the perfect age for marriage. Then came the decision. If I married I would have had no more school life. I would have to be a Mohammedan woman. To this I could not consent. I was interested in Islam, but I was interested in Christianity, too. I had a special professor to teach me Islam. I studied it for five years. Few Mohammedan women have ever had a chance to do this. To most Mohammedan women Islam is only the teaching that they should pray

five times a day. Finally I did find out the difference between the two faiths. It is love—the love of God.

To study medicine was an unheard-of thing for a Mohammedan girl. It meant for me eight more years of school. But I undertook it not only because of my interest in medicine, but also because I wanted to go back to Syria and help the children who are shut up behind walls, with nothing to give them independence, to release their minds from being only servants, without hope or outlook. The dream of being a sister to many women and a mother to thousands of children leads me on. Such hopes and plans make any difficulties easy to bear.

DODGING TRAINS AND MICROBES

By ERDMAN HARRIS

Dr. Harris, now associate professor of religious education and psychology in Union Theological Seminary, New York, was for some years a member of the faculty of the American University, Cairo, Egypt.

A FEW years ago two of the teachers of the American University at Cairo made trips to villages on Sunday mornings for the purpose of preaching to and teaching the *fellaheen* (peasants). This gave us an idea for a project in connection with our sophomore class in ethics. In consultation with Dr. Fakhry M. Farag, an Egyptian dermatologist, we decided to pick out one village and concentrate on it for an entire term, presenting to the people, by every means at our disposal, a few basic facts about health.

Plans were made to begin our experiment on a certain Sunday morning. We took along every student who was to participate in the work. Fifteen strong, we started out in autos. We really did not know what was ahead of us.

Soon we came to a little hamlet on the Nile called Bet Yusef. Here, one of Bahgat Bey's henchmen stepped out into the road and waved to us to stop. He had been detailed to show us the way, and it was certainly fortunate for us that he had. A few hundred yards beyond where he had jumped upon the running-board of the first car, we were directed to turn to the left, and from then on for half an hour we bumped along over primitive country roads and bridges, through narrow village lanes crowded with children, geese, chickens, goats, dogs, sheep, camels, and donkeys, beside rich fields of cotton and corn, until we landed at our destination under the trees in front of the Bey's house, beside a muddy *birka* (pond).

In a small compound, with benches all around the in-

side except for a gap at the gate, the Bey had assembled the important men of the town. Some of them were very old; some were in their thirties. We got out and said good-day all around. Then we entered the Bey's home and drank coffee. Dr. Fakhry explained our mission and said that we would come the next week, if they cared to have us, and give a demonstration which would be very useful to them as citizens.

After being assured that we would be heartily welcomed, we went out into the street and divided into groups to visit the town. We came, we saw. We saw the babies' faces covered with flies; we saw refuse and manure in the streets; we saw people drinking from the dirty irrigation ditches. But we also saw the tremendous potentialities: the strength of the people, their willingness to be shown new things, the richness of the soil, the cleansing power of the sun, and the untold promise of the schoolboys. We saw how we could begin our work. We looked forward eagerly to the next week when we should actually commence our demonstrations.

Working on the theory that seeing is believing, Dr. Fakhry requested the science department of the university to lend us some microscopes for the second trip. Again we made the house of Bahgat Bey our headquarters. We stood the three microscopes on the center table and requested the *fellaheen* to sit on the chairs and couches around the walls while Dr. Fakhry explained what we were to do.

We brought with us, in a test-tube, some water in which a dead frog had been kept for a few days. We knew it would be easier to convince the peasants of the nature of the impurity found in their own canal water if we brought along a specimen containing some full-fledged paramecia. We put some of our sample on a slide and told them, one after another, to look in the microscope. The bacteria were

very spectacular, and the reactions of those who looked were very amusing. One old fellow fairly shouted, "*Ya salaam! Zaiya samak!*" ("Great day! just like fish!") Dr. Fakhry and the students then tried to convince them that the water from their irrigation ditches was just as full of germs as that. They accused us of bringing some specially prepared liquid to frighten them; they were right!

Nothing daunted, however, we called for a cup of their canal water and a glass of water from the Bey's pump. Upon examination it was found that the canal water did contain millions of harmful microbes but they were not as active nor as spectacular as those in our specially prepared water.

Nevertheless, the main issue was simple. The water from the pump, examined in the microscope, was relatively clear. The other water was dirty. It was this contrast that we wished to drive home. Our object was to make them see that if they drank pump water and refused to drink ditch water they would avoid one of the main causes of disease in Egypt. They understood this, but here we struck a snag entirely unexpected, foreseen not even by the Egyptian students themselves nor by our native professor, Dr. Fakhry. The snag was a superstition. One *fellah* warned us that it was very dangerous to drink the clear water! "Dangerous?" we inquired. "How is that?" He maintained that if a man drank pump water continually he would lose his power of procreation; that if a woman drank it, she would lose her hair! At this there was much nodding of heads. It was with great difficulty that Dr. Fakhry exploded this notion. Maybe he did not convince many of them. After his refutation, the student workers mingled with the people and argued the point at some length. The consideration which finally won many of them over was that the progressive men and women in the cities drank nothing but pump water.

Then one of the religious teachers stepped up to have his look. He felt that he must show off his learning, since the *effendis* (modern young men) were exhibiting theirs. He quoted the Koran: "For every life there is a period written. It can neither be hurried up nor delayed." Then he expounded: "Therefore, O your excellency the doctor, it is all folly for you to say that these animals can kill a man. If the man's time has come to die, he will die. If not, he will live." To this remark, there were murmurs of approval from the elders who were listening intently, for they were all Mohammedans.

Dr. Fakhry realized that he must turn the tables on the old fellow or else the morning's lesson would be wasted. "O my brother," he said, addressing the sheik, "you have studied all the learning of the holy books and the traditions; and you are a wise man. So will you please tell me what you do when you are on the railway track and hear the engine whistle? Do you continue walking on the track or get off?"

"It is well known," answered the flattered sheik, "that any intelligent man will get off the track or else he will be killed."

"You answer discreetly, O teacher, for you do not believe that it is written in Paradise that you are to die by that engine, and so you do not defy it but wisely let it pass. Now, simply imagine that these microbes are like the engine, able to kill you if you do not keep out of their way; and believing that your fate is not to die by them, you will carefully avoid them." At this the peasants laughed and the sheik modestly retired, not knowing whether he had made his point or not, but rather suspecting that he hadn't!

THE MASS EDUCATION MOVEMENT IN CHINA

By Y. C. JAMES YEN

Mr. Yen, before coming to America, graduated from Hongkong University. He received a B.A. degree from Yale in 1918 and an M.A. from Princeton in 1920. In 1928 Yale gave him an honorary M.A. degree. After his experiences in France, recorded in the following statement, Mr. Yen returned to China as a secretary of the National Committee of the Y.M.C.A.'s of China. In 1923 he helped to found the Chinese National Association of the Mass Education Movement of which he is now the general director.

THE Chinese Mass Education Movement had a rather unique origin. During the World War, when the Allies needed laborers to go to France to dig trenches, to build railroads, and to manufacture munitions, they came to north China and recruited about 200,000 laborers.

When these laborers were in France they couldn't, of course, talk French or English, and they had a miserable time. I volunteered to go to France to help as an interpreter and Y.M.C.A. worker. I was first stationed in northern France in charge of 5,000 laborers. Living day and night with these men, I came to know them in a way I never had nor could have known them before. They were homesick, but they couldn't write letters to their home folks. They were eager to know what was going on in the war, but they couldn't read the papers.

I determined that one of the things I should do for these men was to teach them the minimum essentials of the Chinese language so they could read and write. A textbook was prepared and with great difficulty forty laborers were enrolled. That constituted my first class.

I worked with them for about five or six months and found to my great amazement that these so-called coolies, who were all the way from twenty-five to fifty years of

age, were actually able to learn difficult Chinese characters. Within that short time they were able to write simple but crude letters to their home folks. Then I started a paper containing all the important news about the war and particular news about the districts in north China from which they came. This interested them greatly.

Later I was asked to go to Paris to take charge of the entire educational work for the 200,000 Chinese laborers. One of the first things I did was to call a conference of all the Chinese university men—about eighty all together —in Paris for a one-week meeting. I passed on to them the little experience I had gained through trial and error during one year of practical work with Chinese laborers. They became quite enthusiastic, and upon their return to their respective camps, which were scattered in all parts of France, they began to start Chinese classes.

This experience made me resolve to dedicate myself after the war to the education and enlightenment of the millions of unschooled and unlettered men, women, girls and boys of my country. Returning to China, I, along with others, carried on four years of research and intensive experimentation under the auspices of the National Committee of the Y.M.C.A. We worked out the thousand-character system, which contains about a thousand of the most frequently used characters in the spoken language of the Chinese people, and using those characters as a basis, we prepared four readers, each reader consisting of twenty-four lessons.

A busy farmer or laborer need spend only one hour a day in the classroom six days a week, twenty-four days a month, to complete, if he is an average man, one reader within a month. In ninety-six hours of classroom work, he can complete this entire foundation vocabulary of the Chinese language and thus equip himself to read all the ideas and ideals this vocabulary is capable of conveying.

Each reader costs three cents; the entire schooling, twelve cents; and it requires only ninety-six hours in the classroom.

We tried out this work first in central China. Later we tried it out in Chefoo, the home province of Confucius. Then later we went to Hankow. Then we went to south China to Canton and then back to central China. The concrete result of these experiments in the different regions created a nationwide stir among the social workers and business leaders of the country. In the fall of 1923 they held a national conference which was attended by people from twenty provinces and special districts. The Chinese National Association of the Mass Education Movement was organized. Today there are branches in practically all parts of China. We have between five and six million students in urban and rural districts and in the Chinese armies. We have between 100,000 and 120,000 volunteer teachers. The significance of the work to date lies not so much in the number of students reached as in the fact that a system has been worked out which, if used extensively, is capable of wiping out illiteracy in China.

Shall I take you to one of the villages and let you see how we organize the first school? We seek out the Chinese village elder, who is elected by the heads of the families in the village. The village elder is usually noted for philanthropy and integrity of character. The first thing we do is to see that man.

We ask him, "How many people in your village read the books of Confucius?"

He replies, "Why do you ask that question? That is funny! We don't read books here. We are farmers. We are just coolies and tillers of the soil."

We say, "But have you anybody that reads at all?"

"Yes, there is one man, the fortune teller. He reads. But the rest of us don't."

"That won't do. You must read. Think of it! You a Chinese and you don't read the Chinese language!"

"We would like to read, but we don't have any time to do it. We are busy. We have to till our soil, and we have to work for our rice."

"Suppose we have a system which will require one hour a day. Can't you spare one hour a day, either early in the morning or late in the evening?"

"Can you read Chinese characters by spending one hour a day?"

"Yes."

"But we haven't the money to pay for the school."

"It will cost you only three cents a book. The only cost for the whole study is twelve cents."

"Oh, I don't believe that. That isn't possible!"

"Oh, yes, we have taught many thousands in the cities already." And, of course, that gives us some prestige with him. Then we say, "Won't you call a meeting of the village heads? You will preside, but the rest of us will do the talking."

"Yes, I will do that much."

And so he goes out, takes hold of a Chinese drum and beats it. All the village comes out, and we hold our meeting. The village elder explains our plan. "Here are these learned gentlemen from the city. They tell us we can learn to read Chinese by spending one hour a day, and in four months' time complete the fundamentals of the study. And we have to spend only twelve cents for the course."

It does not take long to convince the whole group of the importance of education. But it is difficult to convince them that it is possible for them to learn. Then we say, "Those of you who are willing to learn, will you register your names?" And they start putting down their names.

In every village to which we go we seek out a capable teacher. It may be the village scribe or the fortune teller,

but we always get hold of someone to be the village teacher, and we train him.

Then we ask, "Have you a school in the village?"

"There isn't even a primary school."

"Have you a temple?"

"Yes, we have a temple."

"Let's use a corner of the temple for a classroom."

Sometimes we can't even get a temple; the village is too poor. Somebody will say, "I have a barn." So we clean up the barn and use that as a classroom.

Generally the farmers read in the winter time, because in the summer they are very busy. In north China they have from four to five idle months, and that is the best time for us.

Then we say, "Now we need fuel. Who will do something toward getting fuel for the school?"

One man says, "I will contribute the fuel."

Then we say, "We need oil; we have to use a lamp for our study."

One man will hold up his hand and say, "I will contribute oil."

And so in one mass meeting we register our students, find our teacher, locate our schoolroom, and have our fuel and our oil provided. We are now ready to begin. And what is done in one village can be done in countless others also.

CONTACTS IN GOVERNMENT SCHOOLS

By A. J. Brace

Mr. Brace is a missionary of the United Church of Canada, though his work is done through the Y.M.C.A. He is stationed at Chengtu, Szechwan, China.

Besides the regular work of the city Association [of the Y.M.C.A.] which I serve as acting general secretary, I am teaching in three of our thirty government schools—among the ten thousand students studying English. This presents an opportunity for valuable contacts. We have started four Bible classes, two in the Association and two in our own home. One young man wrote me yesterday, "I am sorry to be leaving the city because I like your Bible class. The teachings of Jesus are very good. I am longing to seek the truth."

The Student Christian Movement of the West China Union University is a live and going organization. Several of us, including Wallace Wang, the able secretary, are lecturing in the government schools. I have already visited six of the major institutions with the story of the "Institute of Pacific Relations—a Better Way Than War to Solve International Questions." In many cases students ask for follow-up classes to go deeper into the question. These are prolific of discussion that leads into the heart of the message of Jesus for a new world.

One school I visit weekly has for its principal a well equipped young Chinese educationalist who came under the influence of the Association in early days. He is a Christian but declines to join the church, feeling he can be of more use among Chinese leaders who cannot be drawn by church influences. He has lately built a tall tower over his school. In large black English letters that can be seen

across the campus he has had engraved, "And blessed be His glorious name forever, and let the whole earth be filled with his glory" (*Psalms* 72:19). On another side are these words: "What we teach—Truth, Love, Sacrifice." This is a remarkably brave testimony where communism and anti-Christian propaganda are strong. It is a sign of the new day and the emergence of courageous leaders.

IN A DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY

By P. Carter Speers

Mr. Speers, a missionary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A., is professor of chemistry at Forman Christian College, Lahore, India. The following is a digest of a statement printed in April, 1932.

At the moment, besides the fundamental work in physical and organic research, we are doing the following things of commercial importance:

1. Working on some fundamental soil research problems on behalf of the Imperial Council of Agricultural Research.

2. Working on methods for the production of crystallized raw sugar to replace the wasteful *gur* which at present is always made. We seem to be getting somewhere and are at present setting up at government expense the plant we have worked out in order to test our product commercially. Success will mean doubling the value of the sugar crop in the province.

3. Working out with the professor of agriculture at Lyallpur the details of an extensive economic study of the whole sugar market in the Punjab—transportation, railway rates, sea freights, etc.—to find at what cost we would have to make crude sugar to compete in the world market.

4. Developing a great variety of soaps and toilet preparations on behalf of two different companies.

5. Doing oil research both for better refining methods and for the possible use of vegetable oils as road oils—a very fanciful idea, but not at all as impossible as it sounds.

6. Carrying out experimental work and making a commercial test of vegetable and fruit canning for a new company. If we can put out a good product at a low price, the food supply of the province will be increased and the

market gardener will profit greatly. Stranger things have happened than that you should see Punjab vegetables on the market in the U.S.A.

7. Doing all the necessary research in working out the processes for the manufacture of various drugs and chemicals like aspirin, quinine, and quinine citrate.

8. Doing all the preliminary work and designing a suitable plant for a pottery to make use of an outstanding clay discovered last year while we were making a clay research for the government over the whole province.

9. Testing and doing advisory work for Mysore state for a porcelain works.

10. Testing some Kashmir clays for their commercial possibilities.

All these new industrial concerns and many old ones are taking on our men—men trained under Christian influence and given as much as we can give them of Christ's ideals of service. Does it mean any influence for Christ? We think so, and that is why it is part of the total work of the college.

ON THE TRAIL OF THE TRUTH

ANONYMOUS

WHEN first I knew A., he was a lad, the clever son of a wealthy and influential Japanese Buddhist priest. He and a charming younger sister had accidentally made the acquaintance of a missionary woman from whom the girl had learned much. Soon she decided she must be baptized. Just before the time of the ceremony the father suddenly decided to marry her to a Buddhist priest, and she was sent away to a distant province to live at another temple.

The brother, who loved her deeply and had heard a little of her new faith and aspirations, was so angered at his father's cruelty and touched by her despair that he ran away from home determined to seek for himself more knowledge of Christianity. He entered a mission school in the north, and went to work as a milk-delivery boy to support himself.

During that first winter in the frozen north, he, who had been brought up in a warm southern climate, with servants and a private tutor, had to accustom himself to getting up at three in the morning in order to deliver milk. He would work until college lectures began, enduring with what fortitude he could muster the terrible chilblains which cracked his poor swollen hands so that he could scarcely write his examinations. Only with difficulty at times could he keep awake in the lecture room. At night he would go back to the poor, cold little room—the best he could afford on his slender wage. Yet when his father finally discovered his whereabouts and wrote that if he would come home and give up his study of Christianity he might go instead to one of Japan's Imperial Universities and should have all the money he wished, the lad re-

plied that he would not abandon his search for the truth which he had glimpsed in this new teaching. Through four years he worked and studied, sometimes acting as a ricksha puller to help support himself. He was a self-respecting, earnest student who commanded respect from all who knew him, though most of his associates never realized the sacrifices he was making. In his third year of college he decided to be baptized, and soon after that he volunteered to take a class of boys in the Sunday school.

Today (nine years later) he is successful in business and is a leader in his thriving church.

HAYA DE LA TORRE

By JOHN A. MACKAY

Dr. Mackay, a secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A., was formerly a missionary to Peru of the Free Church of Scotland. He was the founder of the Anglo-Peruvian College in Lima, and was also professor of philosophy in the National University. Later he was a special lecturer throughout Latin America for the International Committee of the Y.M.C.A. The following article was printed in February, 1932.

HAYA DE LA TORRE is the young man who presented himself some months ago as a candidate for the Peruvian presidency and came near winning at the polls. He was a teacher in our Anglo-Peruvian school in Lima when I first knew him, giving himself heart and soul to the education of the masses in his country. We lived like brothers. He was nursed back to health in our home at a time when the government, a tyrannical government which later fell, was on his track. He went away into exile with the latchkey of our house in his pocket. To me he is one of the most remarkable men of my generation, the generation between thirty and fifty.

When I first knew Haya de la Torre he said to me, "Excuse me, friend Mackay, but I can't mention the name of God." I said, "Why can't you?" He said, "Because that name has been so associated in my mind from youth up with things which are vile, things which I must give my life to combat, that every time I try to pronounce it, it nauseates in my mouth."

When we became friends, I was able to show him that in the writings of the prophets, in Jeremiah and Amos and others, and in the teachings of Jesus, there were expressions against wrong as incandescent as ever it had occurred to him to utter. The Bible became a new book. After his

exile he was invited by the Soviet government, by Trotsky himself before Trotsky was expelled from Russia, to visit the country. He went there as a communist. Later he told me, "I saw it all from the Neva to the Volga. I was a communist when I went, but what I saw cured me of communism forever. That is not what we want in Latin America."

He came later into touch with the British Labor party. He met some of the Christian men in that party. His ideas became modified. He studied in Ruskin College, Oxford. He debated in Harvard. I met him two years ago in Berlin. The first thing he did when I entered the room was to take his Bible and say, "Look." I saw it marked throughout. "The new book I am writing on Latin America," he said, "will be full of quotations from the Bible," and then he told me a most significant story:

When he was in Mexico a few years ago, at a time when Mexico still had relations with Soviet Russia, he and the Soviet minister were at a banquet together. The Soviet minister in his speech made this statement: "Gentlemen, I consider that the ideal form of government for Mexico and for Latin America is our communistic system, but I see one obstacle, the innate mysticism and Christian tradition of your people. If only you could eliminate that religious background, that innate religious spirit which goes down into the roots both of the indigenous and the Spanish people, Sovietism could become a reality in Latin America." When it was my friend's turn to speak, he said, "Sir, how dare you, a foreigner, advise us here to eliminate from our national life that very thing which some of us at least are determined to build into the future social revolution of Latin America!"

Haya de la Torre, with all his radicalism, knows that moral values transcend economic values; that it is useless to try to transform the face of society by the elimination

of an economic system. He knows that without religion, without true Christianity, the future of Latin America is impossible in any truly human, cultural sense.

I regard Haya de la Torre as one of the greatest bulwarks against communism in its godless form which we have in Latin America today. Undoubtedly, if he lives, he will become a continental figure.

Chapter Three

NEW LIFE IN RURAL COMMUNITIES

Rejoice we are allied
To that which doth provide
And not partake, effect and not receive!
—Robert Browning

MORE RICE AND A BETTER RELIGION

By BRAYTON C. CASE

Mr. Case was born in Burma, and after receiving his higher education in the United States returned to Burma in 1913 as a missionary of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society. He is superintendent of the Agricultural School at Pyinmana. The following statement is condensed from two articles, one printed in February, 1929, and the other in December, 1930.

As a boy in 1898 I saw a famine in Myingyan. The millet crop had failed and people boiled and tried to eat sesamum cake usually fed to cattle. Often their stomachs would not hold it. Roots of trees were dug up and soaked in water a dozen times and eaten. Those who did not soak the roots enough were poisoned. People came to our compound who had not eaten for many days. When I went to college in California I saw land that was more desert than any in Burma, and I found the rainfall so deficient that in Burma it would have resulted in famine. But the local agricultural college was showing successfully how to raise wheat and barley and fruit, and the people prospered. I said, "If scientific agriculture can do this for California, it can do the same for Burma. I will become an agricultural missionary and help stop famines as well as preach the gospel."

I am, therefore, a missionary to the farmer of Burma who works a five-acre farm, lives in a five-dollar house, on three cents a day per member of his family, and is trying to nourish his babies on one cent a meal. Although there are many converts among these rural people, the village church, as a result of this extreme poverty, can pay a preacher only one-tenth of the salary he would receive in a town church. The majority of the village churches are self-supporting only because they have pastors who also

grow rice. But in this constituency a religious book costing more than fifteen cents will not sell, and a religious paper costing more than fifty cents a year even the preacher cannot afford.

Over seventy per cent of the cropped area in Burma grows rice, but often one-fourth of the crop is lost because the seed grown is impure, being a mixture of poor strains and early and late varieties. The ordinary Burmese pig weighs a hundred and fifty pounds when three years old, and is mostly bones. A hen lays forty eggs a year the size of pigeon eggs, and the bird is half the size of ours in America. A good cow gives two quarts of milk a day and not one cow out of a hundred is thought to be worth milking. The farmer's babies are not given cow's milk to drink, but the mother chews rice and puts it in the baby's mouth.

The Pyinmana Agricultural School is helping to change these things. It is the first agricultural school in Burma to which boys from farms can come. Half the time they work on the school farm and half the time they study in classes. The graduates are going back to their communities with the conviction that if a man has a better religion he must show it in his fields and in his village by growing better rice and better pigs, by plowing better, weeding better, feeding babies better, and by making healthier and happier homes—all to the glory of God and to the benefit of man.

Once while touring in the jungle I preached in a bamboo chapel. The deacon asked me to come in the afternoon and see what good rice he had. I looked at the crop he was about to harvest and said, "One quarter of those heads are too ripe and by the time you cut and gather them the grain will be shattered and lost in the mud. Then see, one quarter of your rice is too green. When you pinch it, the milk squirts out of the kernels, and these heads, when

harvested, will become chaff." He was growing early and late varieties in one patch. I said, "Why don't you get some government pedigreed seed which will ripen all at the same time?" The next time I came the deacon had a broader smile. He showed me his crop with its great heads of rice all ripening at the same time and said, "I am going to get fifty per cent more rice than my neighbors. They are coming to me now saying, 'We are going to get our seeds from you next year and grow that kind too.' I said to myself, 'Brother, you are a better farmer and a better Christian because you grow that rice and you are helping your neighbors to become better Christian farmers.' " Doing that work enlarged his Christian experience.

Instead of the native plow, which is an iron point, with no mouldboard, at the end of a crooked wooden stick that makes a trench four inches wide and four inches deep and leaves the weeds unkilled, we teach the use of a plow that cuts an eight-inch furrow and has a mouldboard that turns under the weeds. This plow can be attached to the end of the same old crooked wooden stick and can be pulled by the same pair of oxen, but it will do twice as much work in the same time and do it twice as well. It is sold for only one dollar, and therefore the three-cent farmer can buy it.

The first Barred Plymouth Rock chickens brought to Burma were introduced for the school and now their progeny are pointed to with pride in many villages. The boys are taught how better to feed and breed cattle so that they will give more milk and make better work oxen. A preacher bought a British black boar from our farm and took it to his village where the neighbors' pigs were all little runts and razorbacks. Visitors from many villages nearby came to see that "Christian pig." The preacher kept it in a pen that was cleaned daily and fed it weeds and waste products his neighbors had never thought of

using. They said, "Your pig will eat anything." Three years later the pigs in that village had been converted till there was hardly a runt left. In the meantime a good start had been made toward converting the people. There was a new interest in religion. People listened more intently to evangelistic preaching. One of the new converts who came to the agricultural school to see what more he could learn about pigs and crops said, with great excitement and praise, "Our people may not yet accept your religion, but they will agree your pigs and paddy [rice] are good." I considered that a good start toward their seeing the values of my religion, too.

A NEW BEGINNING FOR CHINESE FARMERS

By JOHN H. REISNER

Dr. Reisner, formerly dean of the College of Agriculture and Forestry of the University of Nanking as a missionary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A., is now executive secretary of the Agricultural Missions Foundation, Inc. This statement is part of a much longer one printed in 1929.

A LITTLE over two years ago there came to the College of Agriculture and Forestry of the University of Nanking a pastor of a rural church asking for help. The members of his church, as well as their neighbors, had for a number of years been losing the rice crop planted on their higher fields.

A representative from the college's extension department went back with him, studied the problem, and recommended that the farmers plant mulberry trees on this land instead of rice. But none of the farmers in that area knew anything at all about raising silkworms. The suggestion meant the establishment of an entirely new industry in the villages. But after a number of talks with the farmers, they finally agreed that mulberry trees and silkworms offered the best way out of their present difficulty.

The question immediately arose as to how the mulberry trees could be bought, for the farmers had no money to put into an investment from which no income would be received for at least three years and for which it was almost impossible to secure local loans, even at exorbitant rates of interest.

The pastor again appealed to the college, and the college sent its expert on rural organization to establish rural credit associations in order to secure sufficient credit for the nec-

essary loans. After many meetings, seven cooperative mulberry-purchasing societies were organized on the basis of the unlimited liability of every individual farmer for the collective indebtedness of the whole society.

The next problem was to find someone who would lend the money to the seven cooperative societies. Finally, out of funds specially provided for such purposes, the money was advanced by the College of Agriculture and Forestry.

Then came the actual purchasing of the trees. A total of about seventy thousand were needed. This was big business to these Chinese farmers. They were not accustomed to dealing in terms of seventy thousand of anything; and so, again, the pastor called for the help of the college. One of its representatives went with a group of farmers to the mulberry nurseries, purchased the seventy thousand trees, paid over the money, and arranged for railroad transportation. From the railroad station the trees were carried to the farms on wheelbarrows.

How should the farmers plant these mulberry trees? None of them had ever planted one before. In order that the work might be done properly, the pastor again sought help from the college. This time a representative from the department of sericulture was sent to demonstrate just what should be done.

Two years passed, and the mulberry trees were within a year of producing leaves to feed the silkworms. The pastor of the local church called on the college and arrangements were made for five representatives from the cooperative societies to spend the spring months at Nanking in the department of sericulture learning to raise silkworms by the most modern and approved methods.

Thus in at least seven villages, and in about two hundred farm homes, a new industry was established which will guarantee a definite income from fields where formerly rice crops periodically failed and, as a result, the

farmers suffered financially through the rest of the year. And it all came about through a Christian rural pastor who saw the suffering around him. He had no technical knowledge with which to help the people, but he acted as an agent between them and the College of Agriculture and Forestry in solving a difficult agricultural problem. The result is that the pastor stands much higher in the estimation of the people than ever before, and the church has been recognized by all as an institution interested in their material as well as their spiritual welfare. They have experienced its worth in a new and real way.

MEETING COMMON NEEDS

By THOMAS JESSE JONES

Dr. Jones is the director of the Phelps-Stokes Fund and is an authority on education in Africa and among Negroes in America. He is the author of *Negro Education in the United States, Education in Africa, Education in East Africa,* and *Four Essentials of Education.*

THE work of Dr. Robert Laws in Nyasaland illustrates the vital contribution of educational and religious activities related to the actual needs of the people who live on the land. When Dr. Laws entered Nyasaland over fifty years ago, the people lacked food and were ever on the verge of famine. They had denuded their hills of trees and were ignorant of the resources of their country. Owing to their poverty and lack of nourishment, disease was prevalent and their mental and spiritual development was hampered. To correct these fundamental handicaps of the people, Dr. Laws applied all the resources and the experience of his own Scotch people. He came to America and studied methods of agriculture and the best flour-mill processes, that he might enable the villagers of Nyasaland to cultivate their soil and supply the food necessary to their full development.

Later, he added to his hitherto acquired skills those of engineering. Returning again to Nyasaland, he harnessed the waterfalls for the production of electricity which he used to grind the corn, cut the wood, and give light and increased comfort both to the European and native workers. Through his practical idealism he helped the natives to reforest the denuded hills and to cultivate the valleys, that the economic basis of a native civilization might be realized. In all this he was conscious of the manhood and womanhood of the country and saw that the people had

opportunity to develop both intellectually and spiritually. Not only has he helped to change barbarism into civilization, but also he has given the people a knowledge of the Christian faith that will abide with them through all time.

In the Balkans is another example of two Christian workers who have related education and religion to all the needs of the people. Dr. and Mrs. John House for more than fifty years have had statesmanlike regard for the physical, mental, and spiritual welfare of the people among whom they have lived. The American Farm School at Salonika is organized to train young men of the Balkans to return to their villages equipped to till the soil, to build up the homes, and to exemplify the abiding ideals of the kingdom of God among men. Agriculture, animal husbandry, and industry are taught not merely for economic ends but for the mental and spiritual development of the students. There is, of course, provision for the study of books, and most of all for divine worship and the understanding of the Christian basis for fullness of life.

The services of Robert Laws and John House should ever be an inspiration to American youth, and especially to Christian students who are seeking opportunities to serve humanity. The United States and Canada have had notable experience in the development of rural areas and rural people. Such experience should be available for the rural millions in Asia, Africa, and Latin America. We are becoming increasingly conscious of our international responsibility. No part of such responsibility is more real than that of ministry to the villages now tragically handicapped by poverty and ignorance. The task requires heroism and statesmanship of the highest order.

AMONG THE MANGO GROVES

By ALICE B. VAN DOREN

Miss Van Doren, a missionary of the Reformed Church in America, is principal of Chittor Girls' School, India, and educational secretary of the National Christian Council of India, Burma, and Ceylon.

How do you think of India? Does that magic name bring to your mind the India of the cold-weather tourist—Himalayan snow peaks at sunrise; the Taj gleaming in the tropical moonlight; peacocks and camels against the rose-red streets of Jeypore; waves of the Indian Ocean lapping Cape Comorin's palm-lined shore? Or does it call up to you the world of ancient culture—the stately chants of the Vedas, Sanskrit tomes of abstruse philosophy, epics and dramas that rival the Iliad and Odyssey, a religious heritage that was old before ours was born? Or do you think of modern India, with its movements toward political unity and social reform—the India of Mahatma Gandhi and Nehru, of Madam Naidu's lyrics, of Tagore's philosophy, of the National Congress and the Legislative Assembly, of the new Marriage Act, the spinning wheel, and the anti-untouchability campaign?

All these Indias exist, and many others besides, but behind and beneath all there lies another India—the suffering, inarticulate, patient India of the villages. Official returns enumerate seven hundred thousand of these villages, with an average population of about three hundred and sixty. They are so neatly tucked away in the landscape that you may journey many miles by train or auto and scarcely see them. But there they are, under the mango groves of the Ganges valley, among the bamboo thickets of Bengal, beneath the cocoanuts and palmyras of the

south. The walls of mud and sun-dried brick are red, or brown, or yellow, according to the earth-coloring of that particular region; the roofs are palm thatch, grass thatch, or sun dried tiles, and the whole effect is as perfect an example of protective coloring as you could find anywhere.

This rural population of India is like Tennyson's brook. While conquering races and dynasties and governments come and go, it goes on forever; plowing and sowing and reaping; watching with pathetic patience for the rains that often fail to come; providing rice and wheat for India's three hundred and twenty million mouths, and tea for the breakfast tables of the West, and cotton for the mills of Lancashire; being born, marrying, and dying.

Poverty, ignorance, disease, and superstition are the quadruple curse of the Indian village. For stark, elemental poverty, it cannot be surpassed. One is told so often of the millions who habitually go to bed hungry that the words almost cease to have meaning. For those living in Western lands it is practically impossible to visualize human life so stripped of possessions. A British woman missionary who had been working for ten years on the problem of a self-supporting, indigenous industry for a women's industrial school told me that she had failed largely because "aside from his house, his food, and his clothing, there is nothing the villager has the power of buying."

The causes of this poverty are many: the insufficiency of rainfall; overpopulation; too great dependence on agriculture, partly caused by the cessation of indigenous cottage industries such as hand-spinning and weaving; primitive methods of agriculture; exorbitant rates of interest on loans; increasing prevalence of drink among the poorest classes.

The second curse of the village is ignorance, and it is so closely connected with the first that the two move in a vicious circle. Ignorance is one of the productive causes

of poverty, and poverty makes education impossible. Ignorance binds people to old customs and makes them impervious to new ideas. Especially among the outcaste communities, where often in a village there is not a single man or woman who can read and write, this curse of illiteracy places these folk in the clutches of the landlord or money lender. A man in need receives a money loan, puts his mark on a paper he cannot read, and later finds he has signed himself and his sons into serfdom.

Ignorance and disease are just as closely connected as ignorance and poverty. Where there is no knowledge of sanitation and the laws of health, the people perish. Epidemics of cholera, plague, smallpox, and typhoid swoop down upon the villages and take fearful toll of life. I personally have known cholera epidemics to start in a certain unsanitary Mohammedan town on the upper reaches of a south India river and regularly follow the course of this river to the towns lying below. Where precaution against infectious diseases consists in torchlight and tom-tom processions to the shrines of the goddesses of smallpox and cholera, what progress in health can be expected?

The fourth enemy of the village is superstition. Not only does it foster disease, as has just been shown, but also it lays a dead hand of fear upon all efforts toward progress, for fear, we know, is one of the most powerful inhibitors of human action. Where one's idea of God is that of a baneful spirit, or rather of a multitude of such spirits inhabiting earth and air, the *neem* tree, the irrigation tank, the burning ghat, and where religion consists in an effort to appease such spirits, there is little chance of progress, for progress demands confidence and courage. Only those who have lived among such troubled folk can have even a slight realization of the stranglehold of fear which demon worship fastens upon its followers. Many who have worked for the economic betterment of India testify that no

amount of mere knowledge or even external compulsion can effect permanent relief. Something must change the villager's spirit of fear and hopelessness to one of confidence and cheer—and that something is the idea of the Father God made known to us through Jesus.

Is the picture painted too black to be beyond remedy? It is not, for in many places remedies are already at work. The first hopeful sign is the nationwide realization that the problem exists. All over India, among patriotic Indians, among government officials, among missionaries, the problem of the villages is coming to be considered the foundation problem. Another sign of hope is the fact that the problem is being attacked in a new spirit of cooperation. No longer does the Western missionary work *for* Indians; instead he is working *with* them.

A third hopeful sign is the discovery of a type of education which seems fitted to cope with the needs of rural districts. The training school for teachers at Moga in the Punjab is known throughout India as the herald of a new day in village education. It has been the pioneer in changing from the book-centered type of school to the principle of education for life, with its learning centered in the child and in life situations. It still teaches the three r's but only as related to vital problems of gardening and agriculture, of house-building, of buying and selling, of nursing and dispensing, of worshiping and serving. Today in all parts of India similar experiments are springing up.

India still needs help in the solution of her village problems. She needs creative thinkers, both Indian and Western, who can cooperate in educational experiments. She also needs those not so creatively gifted who can carry out and pass on the experiments initiated by others. For those who are interested in educational problems and in the needs of poor and humble folk, India provides wide and unlimited opportunity.

LEARNING TO DO BY DOING AT MOGA

By IRENE MASON HARPER

Mrs. Harper and her husband, Arthur Edwin Harper, are missionaries of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. They are stationed at Moga, Punjab, where Mr. Harper is principal of the Moga Training School for Village Teachers.

INITIATIVE and independence of opinion and action are discouraged in most Indian schools, but at Moga quite the reverse is true. How the children gather facts, weigh opinions, make decisions, and learn to accept responsibility is illustrated by the following incident. The fifth grade, who had planted potatoes in their garden plots, were discussing a dilemma which had risen. Some wished to dig up their potatoes and sell them in an early market at a high price; others thought it better to leave the potatoes in the ground for a month longer to grow larger. They realized that if this was done they would have a heavier crop but get a lower rate for it. They sent a committee to the principal to ask him what to do but the principal replied, "These are your potatoes and it is up to you to make the decision." After further discussion they asked advice of the headmaster. He went over with them the facts they had collected, the calculations they had made and the arguments they had listed. Then he called to their attention a fact which they had not considered; namely, that if the potatoes were harvested at once a second crop could be planted and could get a good start in the time saved. After considering everything they decided to harvest their potatoes. Every boy of that class had benefited by a practical experience. They had learned to judge for themselves in a real situation.

A NIGHT CALL TO A KOREAN VILLAGE

By MARIAN B. HALL, M.D.

Marian B. Hall and her husband, Sherwood Hall, both physicians, are working together on the field where Sherwood Hall's father spent many years as a medical missionary before them. They are missionaries of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

IT HAD been an unusually tiring day and I had promised myself that just as soon as I could finish a certain little task I would go right to bed and lose my weariness in sleep. But it was not to be. Providence had chosen this night to give us one of the real thrills of medical missionary life. Just as I was turning down the bed covers the telephone between our house and the hospital rang. It was a call from the country thirty miles out where a man was lying with a strangulated hernia and had been suffering since early morning. Would we come out and operate?

For the medical missionary there is only one answer to such a plea. Dr. Sherwood Hall went over to the single ladies' home and roused Miss Lund, our nurse, who was just as eager as we to answer the call. He then went to the hospital to start preparations for the trip, and by the time I got dressed and over there the Korean head nurse had the instruments ready for me to check before she put them in to sterilize. Miss Lund arrived in a few minutes, and before arrangements could be made to get a car to take us we were ready and waiting.

During this wait another call came from the sick man's friends. Would we wait fifteen minutes till they decided whether or not the man would live until we got there? They would have to pay ten dollars to hire a car, and they didn't want to spend that money uselessly. We wasted a precious fifteen minutes till the third call came.

It was a beautiful moonlight night but there was a bitterly cold wind and before we reached our destination it was snowing. The road, thanks to the Japanese road-builders, was very good most of the way. It was a novel sensation to go speeding through a Korean village. In the daytime it is a problem to get through the streets at all. The street is the children's playground and the adult Korean considers it beneath his dignity to hurry out of the path of a noisy Ford. Then the bullock cart assumes the right of way, and whether it will turn out on the right or the left is not for you to prognosticate. A missionary who itinerates with a motorcycle answered my query as to which side of the road you take in Korea by saying, "You take the left, whether what's left be right or left." Someone else told me that the reason the Korean lets a car shave past him is because he believes he is followed by an evil spirit and if he lets the car just miss him it will catch the evil spirit and carry it away from him.

But no such problem prevailed at this midnight hour. The Korean villages lay quietly and picturesquely sleeping in the moonlight. Only occasionally did we see a white-clad Korean returning late from an evening with convivial friends. We met one obstruction that narrowly escaped causing an accident. Suddenly turning a corner, we saw in the little village street two bullock carts parked for the night with only a narrow space between. The driver slowed down, but he hit one cart an awful bump. It didn't worry the Ford though, and on we went.

Finally, just as we were beginning to feel pretty much frozen, we entered a village where a ghostly figure blocked our path, holding up a signalling hand. As we drew up before a Korean house the door slid back, revealing a roomful of men warming themselves about a charcoal fire. We said with relief, "We are here," but we were far from right. Four white-clad men attached themselves to the

sides of the car and on we went, looking, I imagine, like a Ku Klux Klan expedition. They ventured the cheerful news that when the car had gone as far as it could, we should have to walk three *li* (one mile) through the rice fields. Exclamations from the front seat where I was sitting had the immediate result of reducing the distance, first to two *li* and then to only one. But the roads were frozen too hard to permit of such elasticity, and we found the actual distance to be five.

Almost two miles of stumbling along the donkey-paths between the rice fields, looking then like terraced skating rinks, brought us to a miserable mud dwelling set back in the hills by itself. After being hauled up one of the highest steps I have ever attempted, we found ourselves in the men's quarters, a tiny, low-roofed room with mud walls and grass floor mats. The only heat came from a charcoal burner feebly glowing, and the only light from a tiny oil lamp on the wall with a flame about the size of a green pea. How thankful I was that Dr. Kim, back at the hospital, had thought to include lanterns in our equipment, and that I had put my flashlight in my pocket just as I was leaving. A herniotomy with only that tiny flickering flame would have been a miracle beyond my performance.

Having divested ourselves of our wraps, we left them on the *sarang* floor, with the hope that not too many vermin would find a resting place therein, and went into the next room where the sick man lay surrounded by a host of relatives and friends. At least it seemed a host in such a small room.

We immediately made preparations to operate, the first step being to clear all but two men out of the room. I glanced around at the mud walls, the dusty beams, the dirtiest clothes I had ever seen, and wondered how, kneeling on that floor to operate, it would be possible to observe sterile technique.

. . . The cocks were crowing before our job was done, but finally the last suture was put in and we could stretch our cramped and aching legs and backs and have the satisfying knowledge that we had given the man a chance to live.

We returned to the *sarang*, which by now was blue with smoke, and found that not one in the group was a Christian, nor was there one in the whole village. Miss Lund and Dr. Sherwood Hall took the opportunity to teach them something about Christ. Thus another door had been opened for the gospel, for these men said that if only this man should recover, the whole village would believe.

THE MIRACLE OF KAMBINI

By STANLEY HIGH

Mr. High, formerly editor of the *Christian Herald*, is a world traveler, journalist, and author. The original article under this title was published as a booklet for the Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It was reprinted in *Far Horizons* in December, 1930, and appears here in condensed form.

MIDWAY between Beira and Lourenco Marques, down the coast of East Africa, is the seldom-visited port of Inhambane. Tramp steamers, nosing down from Zanzibar or up from the Cape, ride, now and then, across the bar to anchor in its palm-fringed harbor. A British India supply boat calls once a month, and sea-stained Portuguese nondescripts come in and out with no schedule or apparent purpose. Inhambane is no place for visitors. But it is a place worth visiting. Beyond it, over thirty miles of jungle road, is Kambini. And Kambini is a miracle.

I went to Kambini prepared for anything but miracles. Men here live close to nature, and clearly both men and nature are in the raw. I was skeptical. I wondered why missionaries ever came to so remote a spot and how they went about their work among a people so hopelessly primitive. What could they possibly accomplish to make it worth while?

Kambini took care of my skepticism. In the beginning it was a laboratory rather than a miracle. Missionaries first came to the place some twenty years ago. They found a fertile valley where they promptly obtained a clear title to twelve hundred acres of land—as rich land as could be found in this part of East Africa. A tiny river, fed from never failing springs, flowed through it. Along the banks of this stream there were several hills of gray limestone.

Back a little from the valley the forest closed in—a forest where, in addition to the inevitable palm trees, there were ample supplies of mahogany, African teak, and other hard woods.

Out through the bush, within a radius of a few miles, there were scores of villages. By day the natives flocked into this valley to eye the newcomers cautiously. By night, with their rhythmic and incessant tom-toms, they whirled through tribal dances, that the spirits might be induced to furnish some protection against these strange invaders.

The missionary dreamed of what it might mean to East Africa to carry on, in this fertile valley, a demonstration that the African could be clean, that he could be industrious, that he could study and learn, that he could live righteously and shape his personal and village ideals after those of Christ. And Kambini—in particular the Central Training School of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Kambini—is the result.

First, a word as to what the missionaries did. One is a practical engineer. He built a brick kiln and began to quarry building stone from the hills. He discovered a miniature falls on the river that flowed through the farm. A small electric light and power plant was installed. A sawmill went up. A hydraulic ram pumped water to irrigate a garden plot a third of a mile away.

Another missionary, who arrived later, is an agriculturist. He began to cultivate the twelve-hundred-acre farm with plows and a tractor. He used good seed and rotated his crops.

The third missionary is an educator. Under his direction Kambini has become a training school for the preparation of native leaders. At the end of their training they go up for the government examinations which, if passed, entitle them to teachers' certificates. Then, having finished the government requirements, the students, if they choose,

go on to the normal training department—the Kambini Teachers' College. Here, in a two-year course they are prepared for village teaching. Another group enter the theological department. From its graduates the Christian evangelists for this territory are chosen.

But this is the merest outline. The real story of Kambini is not found in the industries or the farm or the schools themselves, but in the way they operate together and in what they are producing.

Take the students in the theological school for an example. Most of them come to Kambini with families. In the first few months they are given some aid. But after the first crops, which they help to cultivate, are harvested, they are self-supporting.

The missionary in charge of the industries also has a hand in their practical preparation. He teaches them to make brick; to weave baskets; to build houses; to tan hides. And their wives, at the same time, are taught to read and write, to sew, to care for children; in short, to provide that kind of domestic example and leadership that Africa so sorely needs.

When the evangelist takes up his work in a village he becomes at once the center around which a new type of life develops. He preaches on Sunday, and on the remaining six days of the week he is at a variety of odd but significant jobs. He helps his parishioners to build better homes. He teaches them the importance of cleanliness. His wife sets up a crude dispensary and becomes the town's physician. His little field is well tilled and what he has learned at Kambini makes it possible to give the other villagers essential lessons in the business of agriculture.

The leadership of these Kambini-trained men is clearly evident in the Christian villages that are growing up under their direction. A vast gulf separates the Christian from the non-Christian village. In the Christian village there

are wide streets. Houses are clean. Fields are well tilled. The children attend school. The little home-built church is crowded on Sundays and at the daily evening vesper services held after the villagers return from the fields. Drunkenness and indolence, disease and cruelty—marks of non-Christian villages—are driven out. And non-Christian Africans, passing these places, come to understand what manner of life it is that the missionary has brought to the land.

My guide, on several bush trail trips near Kambini, was Davida Maperre, pastor of the church in the little Christian village of Bethlehem, near by. On one of these trips I asked Davida how and why he had become a Christian.

"It is very simple," he said. "My father was a witch doctor. I was his assistant. We pounded drums. We shouted. But our kraal—with all these things—was full of misery and suffering. One day my uncle came to visit us. He explained how he had found a Greater Spirit. We were all interested. I determined to find this Greater Spirit and left my own kraal for a Christian village. There I have lived ever since, and now my parents, with my brothers and sisters, have all become Christians. Africa, some day, will leave its own kraals for others where this Greater Spirit is."

Chapter Four

PIONEERING IS NOT OVER

Till a voice, as bad as Conscience, rang interminable changes
On one everlasting Whisper day and night repeated—so:
"Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the Ranges—
Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and waiting for you. Go!"

—Rudyard Kipling

IN FAR YUNNAN

By J. Russell Morse

Mr. Morse writes from Yea Chi, Yunnan, China, a frontier station of the United Christian Missionary Society. This statement, an abridgment of a letter to friends, was printed in October, 1931.

In five months we have seen no white person outside our own family except a French Catholic priest from a place two days' journey away. Our conversation with him had to be in Tibetan and Chinese. Although he was notably robust in health he has since died of some undetermined malady. Some diseases of this country have hardly if at all been studied by Western doctors. Just now there are none anywhere near to study them. I must be a medical missionary as well as an evangelist. Almost every week I am called to some outlying village to try to save a life.

Some days ago a headman from a village about three hours north of here came begging us to go and heal his son. He brought a horse for me to ride, and from our landlord I borrowed another for Mr. Fu, a Tibetan coworker. Upon our arrival that afternoon, the stir among the populace reminded me of an old-fashioned circus day. There were many hands to help us get settled, after which we ministered to the young man we had come to see. Then the sick came crowding in, and we were busy until the last traces of daylight had gone. Ignorance and uncleanness are the chief allies of disease here.

After a chopstick supper we had a preaching service around the open fire in the kitchen, with a large roomful of people. Preaching for the first time to people who have never known the one true God is peculiarly fascinating;

the simplest facts must be amply illustrated, and one must come back again and again for earnest reiteration, questions and answers, and all with frequent interruptions by comments which the listeners make to one another.

We retired upon beds of boards laid upon saw-horses. A torrential rain fell; there were fleas as usual. Morning brought more sick visitors. One man had crossed the Mekong River on a bamboo cable to beg medicine for a relative. When the last one had been attended to, I called for the horses so we could return to Yea Chi. But only one horse was to be found, the one I had borrowed from my landlord. "Please stay just one more night," they begged. Their appeal was so pathetic that I could not be angry at their simple, harmless trickery. In that mountain village where the Glad Tidings were unknown before we came, Mr. Fu preached again to a whole roomful.

Little by little they are coming to Him, although their understanding is still darkened by old superstitions and bestial living. Much of this region is not mapped, but my estimate after a partial survey is that if we were to preach the gospel in each village only once, and should preach daily, we would need between two and three years to reach every village in our field.

Last month, in our home station, just when we were hoping soon to start a Bible school for the children, we were surprised one Sunday morning to have thirty-seven of them come trooping in without special invitation! Since the adults' service had not yet started, we decided to begin a children's school then and there and told them that a children's service would be held each Thursday afternoon. As they have no timepieces, and as all days of the week are the same to them, the attendance is rather uncertain and irregular, but a brass gong helps some!

Considering the altitude of about 8,000 feet and the backwardness of the people, this region's variety of agri-

cultural produce has surprised us. In our garden this year, all temperate climate vegetables did well. We even had a few small watermelons! And there is fruit in season—wild strawberries, crabapples, wild grapes, Chinese apple-pears, bitter tangerines, and a few big persimmons. In the autumn we can also get English walnuts and chestnuts. Incidentally, the men tell us of much wild game in the near-by mountains. Many times, however, we have had to scout for what we needed, for produce is not marketed here as elsewhere; often it has to be traded for, usually with either salt or brick tea. No paper money is used, nor copper or brass, only 20-cent and 50-cent silver pieces. There are no English banks nearer than Hongkong.

In our immediate region there is no danger from either civil war or banditry. There is no public anti-Christian or anti-foreign propaganda. In one sense our isolation is our protection; in another sense it is a danger, for if the rest of China should go violently Bolshevist we should most likely be cut off and have a difficult time getting out, unless we took that dreadful back-door route across the mountainous jungles of extreme Upper Burma, as we did in 1927, when it took us seventy days to reach the railway. We should probably choose to remain here.

Our three boys are all in fine health and are a great comfort to us, but their education has weighed on us. With no schools in this region, either English or Chinese, they have been "doing American school" with their mother in the mornings; in the afternoons under Mrs. Fu they study with three Tibetan children. But we feel that we must give more time to their training.

Ever since our arrival we have been gradually remaking this building into a home, and it is almost finished now. Of course there is nothing modern about it: just a few rooms put together, with a roof but no ceiling. We are grateful for glass in the windows. Mrs. Morse has done

wonders at home-making, and I am always glad to return after a few days of roughing it among the tribespeople. For furniture designs, our reference has been a Montgomery Ward catalogue. Overseeing carpenters takes far more time than it would in civilization. There are no lumber yards to call by telephone for the material one needs. If no Tibetan is at hand with a few boards and timbers for sale, we must hunt one and then advance him some silver to go into the mountains and cut the lumber. Most families have axes, but saws are very scarce, and there are no planing mills. Neither is there electricity, though there is plenty of water power to generate it. Another mission four days south has an electric plant that will light about forty ordinary-sized bulbs, and so we know it is practicable. At present wax candles light our home, and a kerosene-vaporizing lamp is reserved for our future chapel.

AMONG SHANSI SHEPHERDS

By Grace Wilder Hoyte

Mrs. Hoyte and her husband, Dr. Stanley Hoyte, are missionaries of the China Inland Mission. She is the daughter of Dr. Robert P. Wilder, founder of the Student Volunteer Movement. When Mrs. Hoyte wrote this statement, as a letter to her parents in 1924, Dr. Hoyte was the only medical missionary among some five million people.

It is indeed a gypsy life we are leading on this mountain-top in great China. The roof of our quaint old shack is of matting covered with oilcloth, and the walls also are of matting. There is just room enough for our camp beds, a table and seats. It is an ideal spot for a holiday, and at the ridge just below, near a cluster of white pines, we should love to have a little cottage. We are high above the plain, 2,300 feet up, with a glorious view in all directions. It is the highest spot here for miles around.

This afternoon as we went for a walk, we could see perhaps a hundred miles across the broad, flat plain. The town of Pingyang, with its four walls, though far distant was clearly visible in the glorious sunshine. The whole plain is dotted with little villages. I counted over a hundred and thirty! And there were many more, off down the plain, mere specks of green in the brown land. What does each speck signify? A company of souls, living in a world of their own, with sorrows, suffering, and sin, as well as fleeting joys—many of whom have never heard of Christ.

We had a busy morning. So many friendly villagers and goat-boys had been coming previously to stare at us and to hear the victrola that we asked them to come again on Sunday. This morning, over the hill came a dozen or so of them. Since our shack was too small to hold them all, Stan took them over to the shade of a white fir tree.

I stayed behind until a crowd of women arrived, and then took them over to join the others. As they drew nearer and heard the "foreign actors" (the victrola), they fairly ran in their excitement, in spite of their poor bound, tottering feet.

Soon quite a crowd had gathered—at least thirty. After each hymn my husband explained the words at great length, trying to make them understand the simple truths of Christianity.

What a picture they made! There, squatting against the tree quite close to the victrola, was a stolid brown man, silent and impassive. A few boys were grouped behind him. On the other side were a crowd of women and girls sitting on the ground in spite of the dampness. Behind were a few older and more modest women, among them a pale, refined one to whom I gave my stool. She kept offering it back to me in a clear voice during the service. There was also a group of men, some skinny and wrinkled, others muscular and healthy with out-of-door life. In the background were a few goat-boys strolling about, with an eye on their herd of black goats feeding near by. Every now and then they would throw a stone at the stragglers to guide them aright.

My husband said he thought at the time "What a true missionary picture—the kind one used to read of as happening, in Africa, for example—a missionary preaching out-of-doors under the shade of a tree!"

Beside Stan stood the village teacher, a wrinkled, brown old man with large heavy glasses. He stood there during the whole service and helped out by reading the Scriptures and now and then putting in a country phrase which the people would understand. He teaches in the village school at Sheng-ma and has seven or eight pupils. Apart from them, no one in the village can read, unless it be a few grown men, former pupils of his. Last Sunday was the

first time he had come to our place, and he seemed very much impressed. What impressed him especially was to hear "Holy, Holy, Holy" on the victrola and then hear us sing it in Chinese, to the same tune! He could scarcely believe it.

Of course there were many interruptions. The people talked in groups and babies cried. I am afraid I caused some excitement just by being a foreign woman! Many of the women kept looking back at me and coming over to feel my pink silk smock (which I proudly—nay, modestly—told them my sister had made) and asking all sorts of questions; and when I sang with the few who knew the hymns, they were quite amused! I asked them to join in singing "Jesus Loves Me," for it is an easy hymn, but one of them said she was afraid of being laughed at! These people are quite natural, sometimes delightfully so, at other times childishly so in the sense of lacking consideration for other people's feelings.

Stan spoke about the Lost Sheep, and, as he was urged to keep on, he talked on the Prodigal Son. The service lasted nearly an hour and a half. Afterwards we were each surrounded by a group; he of men and I of women. I tried to tell of the Good News—but how difficult! Most of them scarcely understood who God is and they had never heard of Jesus! I taught them a rhyme, the literal translation of which is:

There is but one true Spirit,
Our venerable heavenly Father,
Who gives us food,
Who gives us clothes,
Who always feels for us.

Some sang it with me to a quaint Chinese tune.

BURNING SANDS AND MEN OF FAITH

By HAROLD STORM, M.D.

Dr. Storm, a graduate in medicine of the University of Pennsylvania, is a missionary to Arabia of the Reformed Church in America. This article has been condensed from two brief articles printed during his first term of service, 1927-1933.

I WAS finishing the second year of language study when Dr. Dame asked me to accompany him to Hassa. Hassa is a large oasis about fifty miles inland and it is the main gateway to the interior of Arabia from the Persian Gulf. After a nine-hour launch journey we mounted donkeys and began a jolting ride. The night was perfect. Every star was shining its brightest. On, on, mile after mile, we went, now between huge sand dunes from fifty to sixty feet high, and now out into an open expanse which seemed endless. We would lose our way now and then, and far away to the south or to the north we could hear the donkey boys singing a song all their own as they trotted along on foot through the sands to pick up the trail. How they knew where to go will always remain a mystery to me. Two hours before sunrise we halted and rested a while.

At sunrise we started on again. But we were yet several hours from Hassa, and, as the sun rose higher and higher, we learned the full meaning of the phrase "the burning sands of Arabia." Not only do the sands burn; but you, and the beasts on which you are riding and the very air in which you are enveloped burn! What a joy suddenly to be told, "There is Hassa," and to see ahead of you fertile fields and green trees that mean springs. God never created anything more satisfying and wonderful to a traveler than an oasis in the middle of a desert.

"What comes of trips like this?" you ask. This particu-

lar one ended in what some might call disaster. The prominent man for whom we were called died very shortly after our arrival. We were told to go back at once because of a desert uprising which was threatening the very doors of Hassa itself. The streets were crowded with armed soldiers and the mud walls around the city were being repaired. As we left, we saw thousands of camels coming into Hassa, ready for the battle expected at any moment. All the expense of our trip, all this trouble for nothing! But we had opened another gateway to the interior of Arabia where live thousands of Bedouins who, as yet, know not the love of Him who said, "I am the door." Some day we shall have a hospital there, and then, with your prayers, your interest, and your selves, we shall see the desert sons of Araby, the blest, marching with the victorious Christ.

Another time we went to the Ja'alan tribes back of Sur where the people are Bedouin of the Bedouin. Unlimited medical and surgical work had to be done there, and we were never able in one day to care for all who wanted and begged for treatment. In Sur itself we treated nearly four hundred persons daily, and in Ja'alan we did a hundred and fourteen operations in two weeks' time. We went into Ja'alan on the invitation of the Emir (ruler) and were told we could treat only his family. After we were there a while he gained confidence in us and opened the near-by towns and villages to us. Soon, before we knew it, we had a hospital of about a hundred patients. The patients with their friends built their own rooms out of date sticks. It was an interesting sight to see the courtyard and streets around our improvised hospital filled with these stalls or rooms, each holding two or three patients. They listened attentively to the gospel messages.

In this way, step by step, we are advancing in this land which, at the crossroads of Europe and India, is destined to be increasingly important with every passing year.

VOLUNTEERS ON A FAR AFRICAN FRONTIER

I. From the Ground Up

The following statement is the report of an interview in 1928 with Albert D. Helser, a missionary to Africa of the General Mission Board of the Church of the Brethren. It was reprinted from *West Africa*, a British paper.

When Mr. Helser and Mr. Kulp set out in 1922, they made for a territory 1,030 miles from Lagos and 280 miles beyond railhead on the Bura Plateau. They stopped at a place called Garkida, on the Hawal River, among the primitive people. Mention of a few facts will indicate the extent of the self-imposed task of these two workers for humanity. They had to learn the local language. They had to build houses for their wives, who were to join them soon. They had to attend sick people, who came in hosts. They had to set down in writing for the first time the language they had learned in order to prepare textbooks and translate the Gospels. Their main purpose was to do medical and educational work. Later they were joined by Dr. H. L. Burke and a nurse. Dr. Burke was trained in New Orleans and London. He had done a great deal in spinal anesthesia, injecting stovocaine into the spine to paralyze the lower parts during the time of operation.

Later still six more workers reached the little community, including teachers trained in science, agriculture, and mechanics. Since then others have been added, bringing the total staff up to seventeen. Two are doctors, two are nurses, one an industrialist, and the others teachers, all university people. The program remains mostly educational and medical.

It is now proposed to build a new hospital, with modern equipment, and to undertake itinerant work to cope with local epidemics concerning which the government has

asked the mission to make a special investigation. People have been vaccinated in large numbers for smallpox, and special work has been done to combat cerebro-spinal meningitis and relapsing fever. The mission cooperates in every possible way with the government in its program of disease prevention.

The new hospital will be over a hundred miles from any European doctor or nursing sister, and it will serve both the European and African population. The exact spot will be about two hundred and fifty miles east of Bukeru, and one can go to the northeast from there for a thousand miles without coming across a single Christian mission.

The schools provide for native populations not otherwise cared for, and here also there is the fullest cooperation with the Nigerian government. The mission will avoid all overlapping of work and intends to follow a strongly industrial program. Every scholar will have handwork as well as headwork to do. The mission's purpose is to have a central educational institution from which the pupils, after passing a standard to be determined, will be sent out to teach their own people. To a large extent these plans are for the future, but already ninety-four pupils have been enrolled, and enrollment was not made until there had been attendance for at least a month. Seven of the ninety-four children can already read practically anything in the local language.

While this mission is working among pagan people, Mr. Helser gives it as his experience that "the Mohammedan gives the gospel a gracious hearing."

Withal, Mr. Helser is a thoroughly human person, dwelling with delight on his first efforts with his rifle, poking fun at himself in a charming way; in graver mood he briefly remarks that "in Africa it is always best for a grown man to take a wife." He says that once he was forty days bedfast with fever, and for one hundred days had an

undue temperature—and that is about all he says of it, except to thank his Maker and his friends and his practical medical course in Livingstone College, London, for his recovery. Altogether he is a most human, attractive personality, who seems to get on with everybody.

II. Mr. Helser's Own Story

The following statement was printed in March, 1926.

When James Gordon Bennett sent Henry M. Stanley into central Africa, his last words were: "Find Livingstone. Never mind the cost; find Livingstone and bring him back." I believe Christ's word to his church today is: "Find my world. Never mind the cost; find my world and bring it back to me." With this in mind, H. Stover Kulp from the University of Pennsylvania and I from Teachers College, Columbia University, went a thousand miles into the interior of north central Africa.

It was on a crisp November morning in 1922 that we set our faces toward the land of our hearts' desire. Six years and two days before, as a college freshman, I had thought and prayed all night in room 30 at Manchester College, Indiana, and had decided once and for all to be a foreign missionary. Three years in college and three years in graduate work had made me a little impatient, but now we were off.

From England I wrote to the General Mission Board of the Church of the Brethren, at Elgin, Illinois: "When you receive this letter the night may be dark and we may be far from home, but we shall not be far from the strong Son of God. He will be the first to welcome us on Africa's shore." Nothing in the earth, above the earth, or under the earth can shake my faith in his presence.

During a consultation with his Excellency, Sir Hugh Clifford, Governor General of Nigeria, we received the necessary papers for our journey and for the establishment of a mission. By train, Ford, horseback and on foot we traveled 1,109 miles to the interior. Then we retraced our steps and located at Garkida, in northeastern Nigeria. We are south of Lake Chad, a journey of 1,030 miles from the west coast of Africa.

If the knowledge that I am getting on with Christ's work is the first reason why I like my job, the second is the apparent impossibility of the task. The shadows of disease and death stalk everywhere among the primitive people of north central Africa, and there are no cities of refuge. Dr. Burke and I visited a village which was deserted because of smallpox. Those who were able had fled to new quarters; those who were left were helpless and hopeless. As we went near to the door of one hut we heard a noise and saw a form. Inside lay a woman blinded and disfigured with smallpox in one of its worst forms. There were dead to be buried, with few to bury them. A few months before we had seen bodies twisted with cerebrospinal meningitis. Lepers with bleeding hands and feet cry out for help from many a gateway.

I do not class the learning of a new language as a difficulty; we take that as a matter of course and get right down to it. But there are many languages in this area and this creates a tremendous difficulty. In the Bura tribe where we are located the people had no written language. No Bible, no schoolbooks, nothing on paper. We found ignorance, polygamy, and devil worship in their worst forms, and they are entrenched as deeply as hell itself.

I like my job because it's His job and because it's hard. And what gives anyone a greater thrill than to realize hopes against great odds? In three years we have begun to realize our hopes.

The doctor vaccinated the children and some grown people in a small deserted village. Some were delivered from an awful death and told of a Savior's love. Now lepers are being treated and some are showing marked improvement. A new ray of hope has put a gleam in their eyes and a smile on their faces. Screams of anguish from little children are giving way to songs of joy.

The language is being reduced to writing. Mr. Kulp has given much time to this work. St. Mark's Gospel has been translated and has been printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society. A first and second reader, an Old Testament story book, and the life of Christ have been written in Bura and soon will have been in use in the school for a full year. Ignorance is beginning to give way. Ninety-four pupils, sixteen girls and seventy-eight boys, have been enrolled in our school. Some of these can read every word that has been written in Bura. There are small beginnings in industry, and our industrial worker, C. C. Heckman, hopes to meet the growing need for this type of work. Our doctor gives regular instruction in sanitation and hygiene.

Much remains to be done, but we have a good start and are glad for the results that have already crowned our efforts to bring this part of the world back to Christ.

RECREATION FOR SOUTH AFRICAN GOLD MINERS

By Ray E. Phillips

Mr. Phillips is a missionary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions stationed in Johannesburg. This statement is the condensation of an article reprinted in 1929 after its appearance in the *Missionary Herald*.

Thousands of the Bantu people, representatives of every tribe, are gathered into one tremendous center. Soon they will descend into the depths of the earth and mine the precious yellow stuff which the white man prizes so highly. At Johannesburg thirty-five great mining corporations are releasing annually $200,000,000 worth of gold, sending long mine shafts down into the Witwatersrand to depths of more than 7,000 feet.

Most of these great mines are what mining men call low grade; only cheap labor can make them pay. But cheap labor is available in the persons of millions of black men from the Bantu tribes. On the great Johannesburg ridge, 6,000 feet above the sea, 180,000 Bantu men work at one time. These young fellows come for a limited stay, their contract calling for about seven months of work. At the end of this contract period they are urged by the mine management to return home in order that they may rid their lungs of the mine dust which they have been breathing and which is the cause of miners' phthisis, a terrible, lingering, lung disease. But a bonus in the shape of an increase in wages induces many of them to return to the mines again and again after less than four months at home.

It is the lowest white men with whom these black men —away from family and home—come into contact. They hear the white man's oaths, feel his fists if they fail to

please, are taught to like the white man's strong liquor and his gambling games, and learn the new vicious habits of civilization's underworld. They are readily admitted into the places of amusement because they have money to spend. Is it any wonder that Johannesburg has often been called the "university of crime"?

Mrs. Phillips and I saw the picture painted in living figures when we arrived in South Africa in 1918. Our guide was that great missionary and man of vision, Dr. F. B. Bridgman, the American Board representative at Johannesburg. Dr. Bridgman showed us the gambling groups entirely absorbed in their play for money; the cans full of strong drink carefully hidden to keep them from the watchful eyes of the police; the frequent covered enclosures within which unnatural vice was being practised. The drinks interested us: common native drinks blended with pineapple juice, yeast, malt, and anything else to give them a TNT kick, and charged with calcium carbide and other available ingredients to give a biting taste.

From one corner of the compound, weird, unusual noises issued forth, accompanied by the clapping of hands. We walked over and saw a perspiring line of Basutos, almost naked, writhing, stamping, and grunting through a snake-like dance. Their straining muscles and staring eyes reminded us of what we had already heard of their religion of fear and the dance as an important part of it. They had brought with them to this great gold-mining center their whole world of evil spirits.

The need stared at us from every side. But we couldn't see much light when it came to method. We began our experiments. We provided ourselves with volley ball and football, got permission from two or three compound managers to visit their compounds, and then for several months tried to interest the men in afternoon athletics. But ath-

letics in the late afternoon were a failure. The reason was that at about four-thirty, immediately after they came up from the mines, the workers would eat mountains of food, and not until later in the evening, when this food had been partly digested, would they want recreation. Of course, by that time it would be too dark for out-of-door games.

Then we turned to evening games of all sorts, not only stunts, but such quiet, old-fashioned games as "hunt the thimble" and "who's got the ring?" I never knew what a tremendous sport the former was until I tried it on a thousand or more Bantu. It was a circus of fun! Even today, six years and more after those evenings were abandoned, individuals come to me with the eager question: "When will you come back and play with us in the evenings? Wow! How we laughed at those times!" But we always had in mind, even in the middle of a spirited game, the other sixty compounds which we couldn't reach because of lack of helpers.

Then we tried the magic lantern. This, too, was popular, but open to the same objection: the lack of helpers to reach the total group. And we faced a lack of suitable slides even if we should get the workers.

Later we tried movies. We had been disturbed to see the erection of the first of a chain of commercial movie theaters right outside the gates of some of the compounds. We saw the kind of films which were being shown—low grade, suggestive stuff that seemed to have been gleaned from the gutters of the world, the worst products of English, American, and French studios.

We realized that by preaching against these shows we could do little, if anything, to deter our natives from attending them. Therefore we entered into competition. We bought a portable movie outfit, carefully selected our films, and put on free shows in the open air right in the middle of the compounds. The result was immediate and gratify-

ing. Thousands gathered round the screen and showed their appreciation by filling the compounds so full of joyful sound that outsiders often decided that a riot was on. With amazed delight the happy crowds took trips to other lands on the modern magic carpet. They saw the surf riders of Honolulu, the explorers in the Arctic, the reindeer of Lapland, and the potter's wheel in India. They followed with quaking breath the adventures of some of the early pioneers among the Indians in western America. They saw King George in his funny carriage going to open Parliament. All this they accepted, but they shook their heads at pictures of mining in England and America that showed white men with pick and shovel. "*Ai kona!* No, that is not right. *Umfundisi* is fooling us here. No white man works like that; only black men."

Here is how we got started at one place. Mr. X, an efficient compound manager, never had any time for missionaries. He never granted a favor to one; he hated the sight of one in his offices. I went to see him, introduced myself, gave him my card.

"So you are another of these—missionaries!" he said.

I said I was a missionary.

"Well! what do you want? Be brief!"

I told him I wanted his permission to come to his compound and give his native workers a program of motion pictures. I explained what I was doing in other compounds.

"Nothing doing!" he said.

I remonstrated courteously, saying I knew he was interested in the welfare of his men and surely wouldn't object to allowing them to have a good time.

He looked up again from his desk.

"How do you propose to sell your tickets?" he asked.

"I'm not going to sell tickets," I answered.

"How're you going to take up your collection?"

I explained we were not going to take up a collection.

"Well, what're you going to get out of it?"

I told him we were going to get nothing out of it except the satisfaction of giving his workers a wholesome good time and of discovering whether the films had the same appeal for his natives as for the others.

"Do you know what happened to the last fellow who tried to put on a stunt for my natives in this compound?"

I didn't know.

"Well, we had him taken off to the lock-up." And he glared at me.

I stuck, and finally he gave in, with various threats as to what would happen if he caught me trying any monkey-business among his natives.

With a motorcycle and side car I motored to the compound on the night specified. No one was ready to render assistance. It was a dark night and I had difficulty in locating a much needed ladder. When I found one, I climbed up on the outside of the high kitchen wall and fastened my cloth screen on the brick surface, shinnied up an electric light pole and attached my wire. I begged a table from the natives in one of the rooms.

When all was ready, I went around and drummed up some customers, inviting the natives to come over to the kitchen and see some "living pictures." I got perhaps a hundred. I started my projector and directed the gaze of my little crowd to the screen. Dumbfounded, they watched in silence the appearance of a slow-moving elephant, walking as naturally across the kitchen wall as in his jungle haunts. Then the storm broke:

"*Indhlovu!* [Elephant] *Hawu! Name!* [Mother of Mine] *Hawu!*" They covered their mouths with their hands in amazement, only removing them to let out explosive comments. Other animals followed the elephant. The terrible uproar was heard all over the compound, and every last man hurried up, full of curiosity. During the

showing of the second reel of topicals I happened to look toward the compound gate and noticed that the manager, Mr. X, had come in and was looking on.

Following an interesting story of a child and her dog, came Charlie Chaplin, and then a native sketch, "A Zulu's Devotion," with a fine appeal. As the last spool snapped off, I told the crowd that our show was finished and bade them good-night. Their gratitude was tumultuous. It was a sound of a football touchdown. They quieted down and wanted to know when I was coming again. "*Wo boya ngomso no, Umfundisi* [will you come back tomorrow]?" That was the usual question and I was prepared for it. But I was hardly prepared for the same question from Mr. X. He came up to me as I was packing up and asked, "When are you coming again?"

"Oh, I'll have to let you know later. I'm covering a good many compounds and I have other things to do. Maybe I can get back in a month's time."

"Wish you could make arrangements to come back next week. Say, but these fellows enjoyed that! Why, they're dead hungry for this sort of thing. You've got to come next week. I'll have no peace until you do, after tonight."

After nine months of such demonstration we approached the Chamber of Mines, the central mining authority, and made a proposition. We said that we were willing, as a missionary body, to undertake the organizing of a film circuit for the mines, to purchase equipment, to employ the sixteen white operators necessary to make possible weekly programs, and to censor carefully every foot of film shown in the compounds, provided they would pay the bill.

The Chamber of Mines considered, consulted the mine managers, and told us to go ahead. This meant an expenditure of $7,500 for apparatus and an annual expenditure of about $30,000. Within a year, clean, wholesome mo-

tion pictures were being shown regularly in each of the great compounds. On week days the shows consist of a mixture of topicals, dramatic films, comedies, and acrobatic reels. Besides, we have made several safety-first films, which show how accidents are caused in the mines and how to prevent them.

On Sunday evenings we are making use of our "Manger to the Cross" film of the life of Christ. Missionaries of the different societies are asked to help with this special presentation. The pictures are flashed on the screen, two or three interpreters translate the titles into the leading native tongues, and then one or two missionaries press upon these silent, reverent men the loving invitation of the Master of Men to leave all and follow him! Those are great nights.

The organization of this missionary movie circuit, providing free, outdoor programs for the masses, has, of course, entirely eliminated the evil influence of the commercial movie houses which we had so feared at first. They have simply gone out of business in the face of the popular appeal of our program.

THE GOOD NEWS IN NEWSPAPERS

By ALBERTUS PIETERS

Dr. Pieters was formerly a missionary to Japan of the Reformed Church in America. He is now professor of Bible and missions in Western Theological Seminary, Holland, Michigan. His first experiments in newspaper evangelism were made in the city of Oita in 1911.

I WAS not a pioneer in the use of the newspapers for missionary work. Others had advertised their willingness to send tracts; but no one had ever before put the gospel itself into the papers, so that whether people sent for tracts or not, they would be able to get acquainted with the Christian faith through the daily paper. Nor had anyone before that time devised any adequate follow-up method.

I reasoned that we were in Japan to communicate news —the Good News—and that the place for news was in the newspapers! We were in the same position as a firm introducing new goods; there was a great potential demand for what we came to supply but almost no actual demand. In such a case, a business tries to create a demand by newspaper advertising. All advertising aims to do three things: to tell people something they do not know, to convince them of something they do not believe, and to create in them a desire for something they do not possess; and I do not know how to frame a better statement of the primary aims of evangelistic work.

After four or five years I had occasion to check up the results attained from the standpoint of the geographical distribution of gospel information in my district. There were in the prefecture of Oita something like 330 villages or townships, which though smaller than American townships are much better populated. Our records showed that

we had correspondents in all but two of them! I knew then that my problem was solved! So far as an efficient method was concerned, the case was no longer hopeless. We were now in possession of an agency whereby the gospel could be spread into literally every corner of the Japanese empire. For lack of means this has never yet been adequately done, but it can be done at any time. It is no longer a question of method. To do it would require no increase in the number of missionaries or Japanese evangelists; it would require only sufficient money to pay the great expense involved.

Here is the one point where the analogy between commercial advertising and newspaper evangelism breaks down. If you are a successful advertiser in the commercial field, the more you advertise the more you can advertise. Your capacity grows with your success. In newspaper and correspondence evangelism, it is just the other way. The more you advertise and the more successful you are in attracting inquirers, the more your money is used in the follow-up work and the less you have for the advertising itself.

Newspaper and correspondence evangelism is now carried on at a number of places in Japan. The chief centers are Oita, where the Rev. Hubert Kuyper of the Reformed Church in America is still carrying on the work I began; Fukuoka, where it is done by the Rev. Clarence Norman of the Lutheran Church; and Tokyo, where the Rev. H. Murray Walton of the Church Missionary Society is devoting himself to it. It has also been tried in South America by the Rev. Peter Baker, and, to a less extent, in Korea, China, and India. No other method can compare with it for disseminating the gospel widely in any country that has a periodical press and a reading public.

And what of the results? Who can tell? To paraphrase the lines of Robert Burns:

What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's behind it.

Some tens of thousands of people have been sufficiently interested to ask for tracts and other information. Christ has been made known in isolated villages and in wide areas where without this work he must have long remained unknown. Hundreds have found him as their Savior and Lord and have manifested a new life in sins abandoned, sorrows comforted, and homes transformed. Groups of unbelievers and inquirers have been formed as nuclei of new churches. And because of it all there has been, beyond a doubt, joy in the presence of the angels of God.

The modern missionary enterprise has many phases. It is very complicated, but its primary and most fundamental task is, and always must remain, that of making Christ known where he has not been known before. Newspaper evangelism does this more rapidly, widely, and economically than any other known method.

REACHING NEW GROUPS IN JAPAN

By Toyohiko Kagawa

This brief statement of the beginnings of Dr. Kagawa's work for Christian social reconstruction in Japan was part of his speech at the Foreign Missions Convention in Washington in January, 1925.

It was on a cold evening—the night before Christmas in 1908—that I entered the slums of Kobe to live. I was twenty-two years old at the time, and a student in a theological seminary. I rented a small house which had all together only five mats (a mat is three by six feet); one room had two mats and the other, three.

I was then suffering from tuberculosis and thought that I would not live very long. Therefore, I desired to do some good thing before I died, and I prayed to my Lord that he would give me strength to help the needy in the slums. That first night I had no light, no fire and no doors in my room. I went to bed early, praying to God that he might give his light, his fire, and his protection even in that terrible slum district.

Early the next morning—it was Christmas—I had to welcome a guest. I had only seven dollars and fifty cents for my own support for a month. The rent of the house was only three and a half cents a day. Had I been alone I could easily have lived on that money; in the slums of Kobe today, over 11,000 people live on less than two dollars and a half a month. My Christmas present was an old man who hated to work and had a habit of drinking strong liquor. One of the chief gamblers in that district accompanied him to my house and told me that he ought to live with me. It was pretty hard for two persons to live on only seven dollars and a half, but I had no other

way than to take him in. The next day another man came, and on the following day I had to add one more. I had to put more water in my rice. For many weeks we had only thin rice; later it had to be rice soup. But we were contented as we sat together. We had no table nor napkins, and we took our food like barbarians. The meaning of the Lord's prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread," for the first time dawned in my life.

My pulpit was at the street corner. After preaching there, I usually invited all who would to come to my small five-mat house for a service. At times, I had over seventeen people there. Dr. H. W. Myers helped me not a little in this work. I went down early on Sunday morning to baptize those whom I had led to Christ. There were about fifty converts in four years and eight months. Three of them were murderers, many were ex-convicts, some of them secret prostitutes.

While I was studying at Princeton University (1915-1917), Mr. Takeuchi with a group of young men organized our group into a self-supporting church. They practised religious communism and pooled all their savings for the help of the poor and needy. After I went back to Kobe in 1917 I found the church more prosperous than before.

Smallpox was raging in the slums of the city at that time. Seventeen were taken at one time—the ninth of May, 1917. I felt that it would be wise to organize a free clinic and dispensary to help the people in their need. I asked Dr. C. Majima, a graduate of a medical college, and his sister-in-law to help me. We started settlement work in a district of Kobe where in a small area over 6,500 outcasts live. Some laborers invited me to organize a labor union for them, and so not in a bolshevistic spirit but in the name of the Carpenter of Nazareth, I helped in the organization of a federation of labor in west Japan. I sup-

ported these men in calling strikes. Three times I was taken to court and fined.

I was asked to contribute to newspapers and magazines. People began to read my books, and so I continued to write. I taught in three schools at the same time to get money to help the poor around me. I preached day and night whenever I could find the time and place. I usually got up at four o'clock on Thursday mornings to preach to the people at the docks. In the evening I preached at the street corners. There were many converts.

Sometimes I was greatly discouraged upon finding that many of my Sunday school girls had been sold to the brothel houses, or that some of my boys had become pickpockets, influenced by the gambler. The results often seemed meager, considering the energies which I spent upon my work. Still, the public gradually began to give attention to what I was trying to do, and I found my friends quite willing to help me.

The labor movement was quite successful, but the road was not smooth. I had to fight on through many misunderstandings and persecutions from the authorities. I wanted Japan to be more democratic in politics and in industry. I expressed freely what I thought was needed in order to improve conditions in Japan: the application of Christian principles. Many times I was called to appear before the court, and I was put in prison for sixteen days after a general strike in Kobe in 1920. I was glad to be there. For a long time I had not had a good rest. I was able to make a special study of the Gospel of Mark. When I was set free I turned my attention to the desperately poor tenant farmers. I organized a tenant farmers' union. There were over 5,600,000 peasant families. Nearly half of these were without land to cultivate. The annual average income for a family was not more than $200. They paid an average rental of 55 per cent of the whole produce of the farm,

sometimes 75 per cent. Now the union has power to better these conditions, and there are 600 branches with some 50,000 family members.

With the income from one of my books I started a labor school in Osaka, the Manchester of the Orient, and a campaign to organize the miners of north Kinshirui.

After the earthquake I started a relief organization in Tokyo. It afforded an opportunity to preach. I preached 124 nights consecutively, and the Lord gave nearly 5,700 converts in and around Tokyo.

I am now looking forward to doing more evangelistic work among the laboring classes in Japan. There are millions of farmers in the Japanese villages, 4,500,000 factory laborers, 2,500,000 fishermen, 400,000 sailors, and 300,000 miners. Among these multitudes the Christian gospel has not made progress. If God permits me, I shall be his servant to them in Japan. I am willing to renounce all else if my countrymen may be saved for Christ. I want to be a disciple of our Lord who is worthy to be called a Christian and who is ready to bear the cross for his sake.

A FILIPINA WOMAN PIONEER

By FRANK LAUBACH

Dr. Laubach went to the Philippines in 1915 as a missionary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. This story of Josefa Abiertas was printed in 1928 under the title "The Jeanne d'Arc of the Philippines."

JOSEFA ABIERTAS is to Filipina womanhood of the twentieth century what José Rizal was to the manhood of the nineteenth. Her memory is fresher today than it was five years ago. She lived at such white heat that she burned herself up, but burned herself into the souls of all whom she met. She will grow as the Philippine ideal grows, for she is the spirit of that ideal.

Josefa was brought up in a Roman Catholic home of meager circumstances and little education. In her early girlhood she came into contact with American missionaries who led her into a deep experience of Christ. One developed in her a militant zeal for social righteousness and gave her a cause as desperately critical as the World War. Hers was a world war, and she would wage it beside her Master, wage it for him and his Kingdom. She became the most formidable foe to evil the Philippines have ever seen.

Every boy and girl in the Capiz High School where Josefa studied came under the spell of her personality. Conversation there took on a depth and seriousness seldom found in high schools. Josefa Abiertas knew what life meant, and because of this she was regarded by every student as the leader of the school.

In 1913 Capiz had no fourth year high school course. Josefa had no money with which to go to Manila to study. She therefore sought a position in the Capiz provincial treasurer's office. When in 1915 a fourth year was added to the high school course, she secured permission to work

in the afternoons and attend classes as an irregular student. The following year she completed her studies and was valedictorian of her class.

What next? That was her problem. If she had been a man the answer would have been less difficult. Women were not entering professions which brought them into conflict with evil. Three hundred years of Spanish custom had instilled the idea that "the gentler sex is too delicate for the bright sun to shine upon or the strong wind to beat against." And it is not easy to flaunt custom in the Philippines. We do not know what a struggle it cost Josefa to decide upon a career never before chosen by any woman in her province, or, so far as she knew, in the Philippines. But in that profession lay the opportunity of fighting the worst evils she saw in her country. Accordingly, she decided to study law.

Josefa had proved herself honest and efficient in the treasurer's office in Capiz. When she applied for a transfer, the government granted her request. With her invalid mother and aged grandmother she moved to Manila, where she worked in the insular treasurer's office from eight in the morning until five in the afternoon. She enrolled in the night course of the national law school.

"Josefa Abiertas," said an American professor, "was the brightest student in international law I have ever seen." No one was near her at the head of her classes.

The first year she was the only girl in the school. "Next year," she wrote, "another girl will be in the Philippine Law School. She is a Christian and an advocate of woman's suffrage. I hope in the near future the good Lord will help us win women representatives and senators."

So this is the clue to her reason for studying law: women must save the country!

Later she wrote, "With the help of God, I am determined to launch a fight against all kinds of evil. Year after year

hundreds of young people go into perdition because of these degraded dances, these drinking saloons, these cafés, these *cantantes*, and this horrid red light district. Oh, how I wish I were already the chief executive of this city."

Law school was ended! Commencement found Josefa valedictorian again. Her address has become one of the Filipino classics. It is called "A Filipina Woman's Best Gift to Her Country." Scarcely a declamation contest now occurs in which some Filipina high school girl does not recite this stirring oration.

"A Filipina woman," said Josefa, "can never be justified in being a mere spectator in the drama of life which is being played about her. Let her come out on the stage of Philippine affairs and play the part of a heroine. Only so can she bring her best gifts to the altar of the land she loves."

Meanwhile Josefa prepared to take her examination for admission to the bar. Long and late she studied, knowing that only about fifteen per cent of those who take the examination are admitted to practise law in the Philippines. And when the examination came, she, the only woman in a room of five hundred men, received far the highest mark of all, one of the best, it is said, ever received in the Philippines.

A corporation well known for its many troubles with its workmen offered her a position to defend its interests at five thousand pesos a year. She listened carefully to the proposition and then said earnestly:

"Mr. S., do you know why I chose law as a profession?"

"No, I should be interested to know. Men enter it to make money. Why should a woman become a lawyer?"

"One reason is that I was a child in a home of poverty. That home was kept in despair and degradation by clever lawyers and—you must pardon my being plain—by companies like your own. I have become a lawyer because I

mean, if God gives me life and strength, to put an end to the oppression of the masses from which I came. If you will give me a free hand to give justice to all your employees, I will become your lawyer for two thousand pesos a year. If you desire me to continue the policy you have been pursuing you could not hire me for ten million."

A dark scowl was his answer.

Josefa Abiertas had to know what was going on in her country, what was hidden behind the economic evils which she longed to cure. She went to the Bureau of Commerce and Industry and asked for a position. They read her excellent recommendation and offered her a place at a salary too small for her to support her family. She accepted it without a word. Then she wanted an opportunity to share her vision and to set young people on fire with her zeal. She applied for a position as night teacher in the Y.M.C.A. high school and was accepted.

Poor men and women who were being robbed or oppressed came to her with their grievances. She listened carefully to every word and sought to bring about settlements out of court. When this was impossible she threw all the energy of her brilliant mind into winning these cases. She usually won—and always refused even a centavo of pay. Her clients were poorer than she, and her sensitive conscience forbade her to take their money.

Kindling the women whom she touched with her own divine impatience, she led to the organization of a Philippine branch of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, of which she was elected the first president. The organization immediately became a powerful instrument for social righteousness in the country.

The next barrier in the pathway of her dream for her country was gambling, that well-nigh universal vice of the tropics. "If men only realized the sacredness of their lives, if only they felt the burning sense of mission in

this world, they would have no precious moments to spend in cursed gambling dens. . . . Your only answer to the rising tide of public conscience is the weak cry of personal liberty. But no man has the right of personal liberty when it destroys public character and weakens his nation. Gambling in every form is a chain which we must break from the feet of our country; we *must* and we *will*."

Josefa keeps another promise which she made herself while still in college. She turns her relentless pen and tongue against casiquism, which is like feudalism at its worst. "Oppression of the poor," she cries, "the rich man taking advantage of his neighbor, is an abomination in the sight of all good men, and far more in the sight of a just God."

While Josefa Abiertas was fighting to change conditions she was trying to save individuals. Her favorite task, and perhaps her chief service, was to take young men and women by the hand and lead them one by one to the Friend who lived in her own soul. Everywhere, in the street car, in the classroom, in the home, at social affairs, Josefa pierced to the center of lives; and there she found lonesome and hungry persons, eager to share their inmost secrets with one whom they could trust. As her friends one by one surrendered to Christ, her ecstasy could not be restrained.

"Christianity," cried Josefa, "is not penances, not processions, not mere church attendance, not dropping money into collection boxes; Christianity is living for Christ. Any other kind of Christianity is mockery."

Two years this strong soul in a frail body hurled herself into the battle for Christ and a better world. Then suddenly one morning a rebellious body refused to follow. She could not rise. A terrified neighbor boy ran for the ambulance.

The word, "Josefa is in the hospital," brought tears to

the eyes of hundreds, though to other hundreds, learning that their most formidable enemy was incapacitated, it brought a sigh of relief.

I have had the privilege of examining the little Testament which lay on Josefa's bosom in the hospital while she took the first real rest of her life. It is much worn. The most striking thing about it is the verses which Josefa underlined in red ink as she lay waiting.

"I say love your enemies, bless them that curse you . . . pray for them that despitefully use you. . . ."

"Not every one that saith, 'Lord, Lord' shall enter . . . but he that doeth the will of my Father. . . ."

"I am not come to call the righteous but sinners. . . ."

"And ye shall be hated of all men for my sake, but he that endureth to the end shall be saved. . . ."

"Fear not them that kill the body. . . ."

It was on Christmas morning, 1920, that a wet-eyed little nurse, obeying a hidden impulse, underlined another.

"It is finished."

Josefa did not open her eyes. She had not died, she had broken loose. She needed more than one frail body. She needed more than one place in which to dwell. Bodies are prisons to souls like hers! Now she is free. Now she enters a thousand hearts instead of one. She is more alive today than on the day she breathed her last. Her causes are living and she lives in them. Scores of those whom she led to Christ live on and tell her story to their children and lead others—untold numbers of others—to her Master.

Over many a young girl's table in the Philippines hangs Josefa's motto: "Trust God! Work hard! And just keep sweet when things go wrong."

And many a girl, when she looks up at that motto, whispers: "Josefa, I am trying!"

Chapter Five

WOMEN AND CHILDREN

From tender childhood's helplessness,
From woman's grief, man's burdened toil,
From famished souls, from sorrow's stress,
Thy heart has never known recoil.

—Frank Mason North

THE CHINESE MOTHER

By WALTER H. JUDD, M.D.

This story of a Chinese mother was part of Dr. Judd's address at the Buffalo Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement over the year-end of 1931-1932. See the statement about Dr. Judd on page 12.

I HAVE eaten my evening meals for two years in a Chinese home. Much of that time I was the only man who spoke English in that part of the whole country, about twelve days' journey from any other American. That home has twelve children. I suppose it is conceivable that one could keep twelve children on good behavior for a night or two before company. But one can't keep twelve children in some sort of special pose every night for two years! I know that family better than I do any other family on earth, and I would like to tell you about them.

In this family the mother, Mrs. Yao, is the most remarkable woman I have ever met anywhere. She can do more, with greater graciousness and with less apparent effort, than any other person I have ever seen. In the first place, she has had thirteen children; she has twelve living. That is a good record, you know, in any country—and particularly in China.

Almost every day some mother comes in and I say, getting the history, "How many children have you had?" She usually answers, "Let me see. Nine, ten, eleven—" And then she gets her husband and together they figure up how many they have had! Because, you see, so many were dead at birth or died shortly after birth before they were named and before the father and mother grew attached to them, that, on the spur of the moment, they can't answer that question. They finally decide on the number of children they have had; it is usually somewhere

between ten and eighteen. "How many do you have now?" And it is often two, three, four; scarcely ever more than six; sometimes not one.

Last spring a woman came into the clinic carrying a newborn baby. I asked, "What is the matter?" She said, "Doctor, since last night my little child has not been able to nurse."

I said, "Let me see the dressing on the umbilical cord."

It is a custom in this region to make a salve out of road dust and various drugs and put it as a dressing on the stump of the umbilical cord. As you know, the tetanus bacillus, the organism of lockjaw, is an inhabitant of the intestine of the horse, and the one place on earth where there are more tetanus bacilli than anywhere else is out on the road where horses have been. Thus thousands of tetanus organisms are inoculated, and in from six to eight days after birth the babies get lockjaw. We have had over four hundred cases. One of the most useful things we have been able to do in public health is to get the people of the district to come and get little packets containing sterile gauze dressings and a piece of tape with which to tie the cord. They come from far and wide. Of course, most of them think this is a kind of foreign charm! But nevertheless they put it on and the baby doesn't die.

When I saw this salve on the baby's binder, I said, "How far have you come?"

She said, "I walked in today—ten miles." (This was the sixth day after delivery.)

I said, "I am sorry. I wish I could tell you something better, but I don't want to lie to you. You want to know the truth. I can't do anything for the baby. This thing can be prevented, but once it is developed to this degree I can't do anything for it."

She started to cry, and I wanted to comfort her. So I said, "Don't you have any other children?"

"No," she said.

"What? You are about thirty years old, and you never have had any other children?"

"Oh, yes, this is the seventh, but they are all dead."

"What did they die of?"

They had all died of the same thing. And they could have each been saved by two minutes of information which anyone even semi-trained in modern medicine could have given—if he were there. That is the only virtue I had: I was available. Every day from the middle of July until the middle of October, when the dysenteries and the malignant malarias and all the summer diseases are at their height, of all the patients that go through the clinic, there will be three or four desperately ill. If I give all my time to this man, I can probably pull him through; if I give all my time for four hours to this woman with malignant malaria, I can probably pull her through; or if I give all my time for half a day, practically, to this baby with dysentery, it will have a good chance. If I divide it between two, or among three or four, they will all die. That is, I have the power of God in my hands. I am the one to decide who lives and who dies. I wonder if you think that is easy! I haven't yet been able to work out a satisfactory criterion by which to decide which patient is entitled to have the chance to live and which isn't; yet I have to choose. The relatives of all of them are down on their knees, hitting their heads on the ground, begging me to take care of their loved one, and I have to choose one and let the others go.

Mrs. Yao, as I said, has had thirteen children, twelve living. She has had trachoma in her eyes for twenty years. I have had to operate on the lids twice, to turn the lashes out in order to preserve her vision, and yet not one of her children has had trachoma; she is that clean.

She is the best midwife in the district and does most of

the midwifery, especially among the church people, for she is dependable and fine.

She draws and paints beautifully. After almost every evening meal we sit down and I study Chinese with the younger boys. Her youngest son, Tsi Kang, is about seven. I can always read his book. Tsi Chuen is about nine. He is about my speed in Chinese. Tsi Tsung, who is about thirteen, is too advanced for me; there are too many words in his books that I don't know. While we sit and study Chinese out loud, Mrs. Yao draws or paints. One night I counted sixty-six or sixty-seven pieces of cloth of various sorts. Here was one to make a little cap, another for a bib, another for some sort of dress for an expected baby. Each mother wanted Mrs. Yao to draw with her own hand the design on her cloth and then she would embroider it herself, hoping that because Mrs. Yao had done the drawing, her child would be strong and healthy like Mrs. Yao's.

This wonderful woman loves the whole region. She goes into the homes on Sunday and Tuesday and Friday afternoons—the whole afternoon—doing evangelistic work. She shows the mothers how to do everything from bathing the baby to reading the Bible. Two years and a half ago, after I had been away for a time and had come back into the interior, I was alone, living in the hospital. One day Mrs. Yao and another lady came into the clinic, and she said, after some preliminaries, "Dr. Judd, you are getting thin."

I said, "No, I was always like this."

And she said, "Well, you are getting thinner. You think it is because you have malaria so often, or because you are working so hard, but the real reason is that you aren't being taken care of. You ought to come out to our home and eat your evening meals with us. You have no wife and your mother isn't here, and you ought to have somebody to look after you."

There she was—one woman with twelve children already—and she took me on as the thirteenth! I wish you knew her. If you knew her, you would never again say, "What difference does it make to us what happens to the Chinese?"

BEAUTIFUL JADE

By Mrs. Walter C. Lowdermilk

Mrs. Lowdermilk, née Inez Marks, was before her marriage a missionary to west China of the Woman's Foreign Mission Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Her husband, Dr. Walter C. Lowdermilk, from 1922 to 1927 was on the staff of the College of Agriculture and Forestry of the University of Nanking.

WHILE visiting a school in the city of San Sa Ba, an official invited me to come to see his wives and bring my wonderful phonograph, expressing fluent apologies that custom prevented them from appearing on the street in order to come to see me. When I called, the first wife, with all the delicate graciousness of the Chinese hostess, tottered across the inner court on her golden-lily feet scarcely two and a half inches long. She had never seen a foreign woman; interest and excitement fairly radiated from her. While I was being served with tea and dainties and urged to take a puff from the family pipe which each used in turn, blissfully unaware of the world of germs, I was plied with questions. Where was my honorable country? "America." Yes, she had heard the name. Then, "Is America between here and Chungking?" Chungking is a port of the Yangtze River, two hundred and fifty miles away, and was the most distant place of which she had knowledge.

She was delighted to find that I could read and write Chinese. Although she was from a family of great wealth, her ignorance was pathetic. I showed her postcard pictures of a train, a skyscraper, an airplane, automobiles, and great bridges. She was more thrilled and asked more questions than a child seeing Mother Goose pictures for the first time.

She lamented that neither she nor any of her women ac-

quaintances in the city could read or write, but she joyfully told me that her youngest daughter, Mei Yu, or Beautiful Jade, had learned the Classics from her brothers' tutors. I was courteously asked to escort Mei Yu to Chengtu, the capital of the province, and place her in a modern school. I agreed, and the next morning, after much confusion and talking, Beautiful Jade left the seclusion of the inner court. Traveling by sedan chair, with her boxes of dainty silk and satin garments, she little guessed the bewilderment that awaited her in Chengtu, where ancient China was attempting to be modern in a day.

As we neared the thousand-year-old city gate, a motorcycle rushed by over the bumpy road. Imagine the sensations of this girl who had never seen anything move faster than a sedan chair, a wheelbarrow, or a water buffalo. From this moment Beautiful Jade's life was made up of new sensations and thrills. As we passed along the street she saw in one shop a sewing machine making hundreds of stitches a minute and next door tailors were sewing garments by hand with the tediousness of centuries past. One shop would be illuminated with oil lamps or electric bulbs, while the next was dimly lighted with the vegetable oil taper lamp of primitive China. We passed the telegraph office and I explained about the "lightning words" which in a second tell us the news from around the world. In contrast across the street was a professional story teller repeating his ancient historical and folk stories to the eager crowd. On one side was a modern drugstore with plate glass windows. Across from this was the old Chinese medicine shop with dried herbs, lizards, orange peel, powdered tiger bones, and various charms hanging from the walls and ceilings. Beautiful Jade saw tall brick buildings towering beside mud huts. On the same street with a modern dental school was an old-style Chinese tooth puller who,

with his equipment of stool and pulling lever, walked up and down calling his trade and exhibiting his trophies of extracted teeth. Beautiful Jade for the first time saw a man and his wife walking side by side on the street. She considered this bold indeed. Had she not been taught that a woman should follow her husband respectfully, several steps behind, and should not assume the appearance of equality?

At first this dainty girl was shocked to see schoolgirls in broad athletic shoes walking unchaperoned on the street. But she resolved that her feet, too, must be unbound, so that she also might go to the gymnasium and wear foreign shoes, even though cotton would have to be used to fill the place where toes should be. An epidemic of wrist watches had swept the students, and Beautiful Jade insisted that she have one at once.

One of her first social functions was the wedding of a high school teacher to a university student. This was to be a Chinese wedding, foreign style. The chapel was filled with high school girls and university men. This was Beautiful Jade's first experience of seeing young men other than her brothers. But while the girls modestly ignored the presence of the men, the latter eagerly eyed each attractive girl in her neat trim garments. The bride, dressed in pale pink satin instead of the proverbial red, came in an hour or so late, according to Chinese style. The groom came down the aisle in plug hat and full dress evening suit. The minister performed a beautiful Christian service, and afterward the bride and groom bowed three times to the minister and three times to the guests—an adaptation of the age-long custom of *kao-taoing*.

Our girl from the interior was wide-eyed with astonishment at all of this. But through such experiences, Mei Yu was fast becoming a modern girl herself.

WHERE FEAR IS KING

By ELLA MACNEILL

Miss MacNeill writes from her experiences as an Australian Y.W.C.A. secretary in Shanghai. This is an abridgment of an article reprinted in 1924 from *Chinese Triangles* under title of "Plasters."

A LITTLE boy has a silver earring in his ear. Why? He is an only son and is very precious to his family. Knowing this, the evil spirits will take special pleasure in harming him. With an earring in his ear, the spirits will pass him by, thinking he is a girl. Easily fooled, the spirits, but malicious—very.

Next door there is a funeral; they are getting ready to take the coffin out. Some unimportant member of the family, or some friend, is letting off great firecrackers; the explosions are deafening. At death a great many spirits come to take the soul of the dead man to the place of darkness, and the house is full of them. When the coffin leaves the front door all the devils must accompany it; if any stay they will bring disaster on the household, and so the crackers are used to drive them out.

In the seventh month if you should happen to be walking in the country, you may happen to stumble on an elaborate ceremony going on in a temporarily erected mat shed or in a temple. Priests are there—and food, paper houses and horses and boats; spirit money is being burned; prayers are being offered. For what purpose? To appease the wandering ghosts of beggars or other poor homeless ones who at death are lonely and deserted, having neither kith nor kin to worship their spirits and supply their needs in the unseen world. On this special day they are all released from darkness and for twenty-four hours return to earth to work their wicked will wherever they can. To

placate their anger all the people of the neighborhood have contributed liberally towards this celebration. A woman says, "It is specially important to worship bad spirits because they can harm you; it doesn't matter much about the good spirits. They won't hurt you anyway."

A girl lies dying in an upper room. None can find the cause of her disease. Doctors try in vain. They suspect the fox ghost. At night she seems better, but every morning she is feverish and exhausted. One night the neighbor opposite goes to the window to look out. Running along the ridge pole of the girl's house he sees a white animal which is neither dog nor cat. It is dazzling white; its eyes are flaming red. It comes to the place where the girl sleeps and prepares to climb down into her room. The man makes a noise, and the creature turns and pierces him with its fiery glance, then vanishes silently. It is the fox ghost. He cannot injure the strong man, but his venom goes past him and affects his wife. She is ill for two months; "her blood dries up." The girl dies presently.

A child falls sick, and her family blame the people next door where fever has recently broken out. The family next door protest their innocence; they are Christians, and their spirits are not malicious. The child's mother calls in a witchwoman to make sure. She sits rolling her eyes at the incense candles and presently goes into a trance. "No, it is not the family next door whose spirit has made your child sick. It is an uncle of your father's. Years ago he was killed in the Taiping rebellion, and nobody knew where his grave was, and everyone forgot to worship him and to burn gifts to his spirit. Because of this he has been bitterly wretched, hungry, unclad, and cold, and devils have tormented him past bearing. He has taken your child to sell for a slave, to provide himself with the things he needs." The mother asks in terror, "And is the child al-

ready sold?" Like the voice of doom comes the answer, "Already sold!" And the child dies.

What wonder that when we go to talk with a group of normal school students on the place of religion in life, we don't get very far. To us it means all the beauty of Easter and the glory of Christmas and the gentleness of our mothers; all the wonders of art and poetry and worship help us to say "Our Father." To them too often it means a muddle of superstitions and mechanical worship, sly priests, ignorant country men, and deluded old women.

I have not told about the occasional priest in a temple, whose ascetic face and remote bearing mean that he has touched some deep reality. Nor about the old grandmother whom you sometimes see in a home, pious, gentle, saintly, rising before dawn to pray for her family. Nor about the scholar and statesman who may be a devout follower of Buddhist philosophy. These all have their place in the great fabric of Chinese life. But nevertheless it remains true that the background of the average woman is full of fears and crowded with superstitions.

What happens to these women when we come along to teach them Christianity? Sometimes there is a miracle of new understanding and freedom; always there is something of new beauty. For God *will* get through to the hearts of men. And yet—and yet—what is often at the bottom of their minds? Too often a transferred superstition, a transferred fear. Instead of many spirits to be afraid of there is only one God, but he is so very powerful that he is more terrible than all the others. The spirits could be fooled, but not this God. A woman whose child has suddenly become blind says, "It is because I have been careless about going to church and about praying; God is punishing my child because of me." An old Bible-woman urges her hearers to become Christians. "This life is only a short one and will soon be over, and then you can enjoy

eternal happiness in heaven." A woman who is visiting her neighbor says, "It pays to be a Christian; none of my family has been out of work since we were baptised. Why don't you join the church? Your son would get a job quite certainly." A young girl says, "Don't we get any rewards in heaven? Then what is the use of trying to be good?" Calamity is still the punishment of sin, Job and Jesus notwithstanding. Fear reigns; it is only perfect love that casts out fear.

How has all this come about? Where have all these misconceptions crept in?

Perhaps we have followed the practice of the old Chinese doctor who claps a plaster over the sore but leaves it unhealed. Over fear and apprehension we have clapped a plaster, Christianity ready-made. There is the plaster—and underneath are all the old fears and suspicions, the old hopes and calculations. Perhaps we have used the Old Testament idea of reward for service too much, forgetting that all Jesus offered his friends was a cross. Perhaps we have been in too much of a hurry for results, and have not had time to uncover all the dark fears in every woman's mind. We prescribe a universal remedy without making a careful diagnosis, and so our cure doesn't get in far enough. Perhaps we have used fear as a motive for getting people into the Ark, forgetting the length to which God was willing to go in order to prove that love is the only real appeal.

It may be that Westerners can never get to the bottom of this. Perhaps the dragon of fear will never be vanquished until there rides against it a young St. George, fearless, shining with the light of the sun of righteousness, filled with faith in the God whom Jesus came to proclaim —China's young Christians to whom is committed the task of freeing the minds of their own people from dark superstition and fear.

TALES FROM AN INDUSTRIAL CENTER IN PEKING

ANONYMOUS

A group of faculty wives of Yenching University maintain an industrial center largely for the benefit of approximately a hundred women of old Manchu families once attached to the ruling house of the empire. They are enabled to earn a living by making handkerchiefs and household linens. The sponsors, besides finding raw materials and a market, aim to help these otherwise destitute women and their children. For this purpose they maintain a visiting nurse, a bath house, educational classes, a mothers' club, and a church. The article from which these stories were extracted and condensed was printed in China and reprinted in 1933 with permission of the New York office of the university.

IN THE sunshiny workroom are two little girls, twelve and fifteen years old. They come from a near-by village where in a mud hut live their family of four. Because of their poverty and need, the older girl was first taken into the Industrial Center, where she quickly learned to make even the more difficult handkerchiefs.

Several times she asked that her little sister be allowed to come, too, but because of her age we always refused. However, our visiting nurse reported that both of the girls were working far into the night by the light of a small lamp doing sweat-shop cross-stitch for the pittance paid by a linen shop in the city. When we found that the little sister was working twelve to fifteen hours a day under most unfavorable conditions and receiving therefor only a few cents a day, we decided to let her come into the center for the summer months at least, in spite of her age.

She learned rapidly, and now in a six-hour day earns many times what she previously received. She is learning to read and write, belongs to the girls' club, and enjoys all the advantages the center offers. She fairly radiates hap-

piness, and no one has the heart to send her back to the old-time drudgery.

* * *

One particular girl who was very shy always worked industriously, saying little to the other girls. When winter came on we noticed that although her clothes were thin and she looked cold she never complained. The nurse made a visit to her home and found the mother, a brother, and the girl living in a fireless room, their *kang* (the built-in brick platform bed of the typical Chinese house) having on it only bits of ragged bedding.

Investigation revealed that the mother and daughter had but one warm garment between them, and this was none too warm. When the girl wore this to the Industrial Center, the mother would stay huddled on the bed until the sun shone warmly enough to permit her going out in search of bits of coal from old ash heaps. All they had to depend on was the earnings of the girl and an occasional bit brought in by the boy when he picked up an odd job. At once bedding and clothing were provided, and now the family know a much greater degree of comfort. With much of her worry and distress removed, the girl has made friends among the other girls, and life has taken on brighter colors.

* * *

Another girl, our little Miss Li, is from a family of five living in a room ten feet square. Eighteen months ago the mother died of starvation, the father lost his job because of illness, and the oldest daughter caught scarlet fever. They seemed to have "hit the bottom" and life looked well-nigh unbearable to them. But the tide turned when this second daughter found work in our Industrial Center and began to earn a fair wage making handkerchiefs. Now the father has found a $3-a-month job in a

small shop. The blind old grandmother, feeling her way about the room, cooks the meals and looks after the youngest child. The family as a whole, after such destitution, now feel that they have much to be thankful for.

* * *

The mother of a sixteen-year-old daughter begged frequently that her girl be taken on as one of our workers. But, alas! She had a reputation for being very dishonest and we had been warned against her. Because of her continued importunity, however, and the wretchedness of the family, we finally agreed to give her a trial, after warning her fully against her alleged weakness. Never have we seen any girl develop more quickly. Many times she has met perfectly the test of honesty. Once she returned two coppers when she thought she had been over-paid and another time she brought back a dollar which she might easily have kept with the loss undetected. If the Industrial Center had accomplished no more than to help in the development of Li Shu-ying, it would have justified itself.

IF I WERE A WOMAN IN AFRICA

By Annie Williams Hill

Annie Williams Hill (Mrs. T. H.), a Canadian and a graduate of McGill University, began her missionary service in Angola, Africa, under the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. The mission with which she was connected is now part of the work of the United Church of Canada.

If I were a woman in Africa, in an average village in west central Africa, what a lot of worry I should be saved! I shouldn't be tortured by seeing the carpet grow threadbare, the paint come off the kitchen floor, and the curtains get torn and soiled. For I should have but one room, my cook-house, to do duty as sitting room, dining room and kitchen, and it would have neither carpet nor paint nor curtains. The walls would be of mud and the floor of mud, and there would be no windows to put curtains to. I shouldn't have to hear noisy boys racing down stairs and slamming the door as they rush off to school; for I should have no stairs and my boys would have no school.

No boots to wear out! No stockings to darn! No caps or hats to hang up! No trousers or coats to mend! For both boys and girls would be easily clothed with a big red bandana and a yard or two of blue and white calico just torn off the bolt and tucked around them.

"Such an easy life!" Do I hear you say this with a sigh? Wait. Let me take you through one whole day of an African woman's life, that you may understand it better.

There's my rooster crowing; he is my alarm clock! It's not light yet, for it's barely four o'clock, but I must be off to the field just after daylight, and the corn I hulled yesterday must be pounded so that supper won't be late tonight. My husband and sons must have plenty to eat or they will abuse me, and my husband might threaten

to send me home to my own village or to get another wife to cook for him. Here's my big mortar and pestle. The pestle is heavy, for it's about five feet long and four inches across the base, but it must be heavy to pound the corn up fine so that my mush will be smooth and free from lumps. I ought to be used to it, for I have been at it since I was a little girl. There, I have done! Those coarser grits, left when I sift it, will help to make a nice pot of sweet beer. Now I must get some squash or sweet potatoes cooked for the family to eat while I am away.

There's the sun! I must soon start. Don't my husband and sons go to the fields with me? I should think not! I shouldn't want my men jeered at for doing woman's work. My man cleared the field and built me a hut for shelter from the rain. He will give a morning or two to hoe a bit if the weeds get very high, and at harvest time he will bring home a bag or two of corn on his shoulder. Surely that's all you could expect of any man! No, you mustn't call him lazy. The men have the grass to cut for the thatch; they have to cut the timber and build the houses; keep the village fences in repair; look after the cattle, the goats, and the pigs; make stools, doors, bedsteads, mortars, pestles, hoe handles; and do many other things. Then they are away so much on long trading journeys that they have to rest a little when they are at home.

Well, I'm off! The field is a good three miles beyond the stream—out of reach of the pigs and goats. The grass is generally very wet to walk through, but you soon dry off when you work in the sun. The baby goes on my back, but the other little ones can play about the village till I get home again. They look after themselves pretty well, but if they get a tumble there's always some old grandfather about ready with a bit of comfort.

Here we are at my field. I must work hard, for I see that my corn and beans, my squash and peanuts, my

manioc, and my sweet potatoes all need a lot of weeding and hoeing. I hope baby won't hinder me. Generally she stays quite content on my back, but sometimes I hollow out a cosy little spot in the soft earth with my hoe and let her sleep there so that I can work faster.

Three o'clock! The sun is going down now and I have done a big day's work. But how my back does ache from stooping over so constantly, and the sun was cruelly hot! Just wait till I load up my big basket with sweet potatoes, tuck in some roasting ears of corn for the children, pile on some manioc greens, and on top of all put some good pieces of firewood which I have cut at the side of the field. Now I'm ready to go home. I'm glad the rain kept off.

Here come the children running out from the village to meet me. They are always pleased to see mother coming home and it makes my heart glad too. Now for the water! I wish it were here, for it is a steep climb up from the stream with a big heavy water pot on your head. My boys? Dear me, no! No boy would be seen fetching water. It is woman's lot.

While the water is heating I'll pound these manioc leaves so that they will cook quickly, and the mush will not take long. Then I'll dip the mush out into this basket I made myself in my odd moments, and the greens can go into this black clay dish. When all is ready I shall carry both mush and greens over to the men's sitting room where the men and big boys of the village sit and eat together. The children and I eat here at the cook-house off the edge of a sifting tray, an old basket, or a piece of broken pottery.

The house is a bit crowded when the children roll down their sleeping mats round the fire, but it is only for the night, and it doesn't matter much.

There's lots of other work to do—pots to make and burn, and field baskets to weave. At the proper season we

gather and dry mushrooms and also manioc to put by for the men when they go on journeys. Then there is the sweet root to dig for the beer making.

Do I not wish I had a daughter to help me? I had a little girl once, so sweet she was, my first baby! But someone cast a spell over her, when a few months old, and though I fed her nice soft mush with an occasional taste of beans or a sip of my new beer, she sickened and died. And I wanted to die too. We paid the witch doctor a goat to divine who had caused her death, and what do you think? It was a neighbor who had always seemed kind and friendly. I could hardly believe it, but the witch doctors can always tell. They made her drink the poison test and she died too, and so she must have been guilty. But it didn't bring back my baby. She went down into the black grave.

I met a woman who had lost her baby, her only one. She was visiting her relatives in a village where I was. She had accepted the words that the white people teach, and she called herself a "Jesus woman." She cried when her baby died, but her face looked different; and she said her little one was happy in some beautiful place where she would have him again some day. I've never heard those words yet. We live far from the white man's place, and they haven't time to come here. My husband says more evil might come to us if I went there and listened. But my boys mean to go some day and perhaps when they know they will come back and tell me, for in my heart there is a hunger for I know not what, and maybe these words would satisfy my longing.

The evening is over now, and it is time to rest.

JESUS AND MOSLEM WOMEN

By Emily Smith

Miss Smith was appointed a missionary of the Woman's Foreign Mission Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1910, and in 1927 she contributed for publication this sketch of observations she had made in and near Algiers, the so-called Paris of north Africa.

Between a Moslem woman's position in theory, as laid down in the Koran, and her position in practice, as we have seen it among the people we know in north Africa, there is certainly a gap.

"Daughters as well as sons are a gift of God," theory says. Practice shows that when a boy is born there is rejoicing, preparations are made for a great feast, and the mother is honored; but when the sweet-faced little daughter comes there is no rejoicing, no feasting, no honor. The young mother's mother wipes away her tears, the father will not go in to see the child, and the neighbors say sadly: "Poor thing [the mother]! It is a girl."

According to the Koran a married woman has some rights, poor though they seem to Christians. That is the theory. Here are instances of what we see in practice. A woman can be divorced without a reason, but she herself can never obtain a divorce for any reason whatsoever. She is sold in marriage by her father or, if he is dead, by his next of kin. She may be, and nearly always is, sold and resold many times.

The girls are married while still children. Little F—— was a beautiful child of just twelve summers when she was sold in marriage. "I want to keep her," said the mother, "but her father says it is time she was given." In three short months she was sent back to her home—her childhood gone, her dreams broken, her face hardened, hatred and

hopelessness already alive in her heart, although she was only twelve years old! She was shortly sold again to another man.

Poor little H—— was not more than nine when we saw her dragged into her husband's room by his women relations. "I want my mother," she screamed. "I don't want to be married." Threats stifled the shrieks, though they only added to her terror. Just nine years old!

A Moslem woman has no rights and few protectors in practice. She, therefore, learns to deceive the man on any and every occasion, regarding him as her natural enemy.

In the mountains of Kabylia women are born, live, and die in spiritual and intellectual darkness and unimaginable superstition. They live in fear of evil spirits, and sacred trees are hung with votive rags torn from their garments in hope of propitiating the spirits they fear. They live in fear of death and die in terror of the fearful unknown to which they go. What can Christianity do for these people?

Our Moslem converts are living in happy homes and their children are growing up Christians, free from fear and superstition. The mothers do not fear divorce and rivals. "I have learned more of Jesus in my first year of married life than I learned in the preceding four years since I was converted," said a young native evangelist a few months ago. It was his testimony to his wife, who had been brought up in one of our homes.

"What did you do to our daughter?" asked a Moslem woman whose child had died at sixteen years of age.

"We did nothing," answered the missionary.

"Oh, yes, you did," persisted the mother. "She died smiling. Our people do not die like that."

The girl had found Christ a few months previously.

"Don't go out there, the *jinns* [spirits] will get you!" cried the children from the city, as the little boy ran out into the garden in the moonlight. "I'm not afraid," called

back the child. "This is the garden of Jesus. No *jinns* can come where Jesus is." And the moonilght caught his fair curls and made them into a halo around his face as he turned joyously to the groups on the porch.

"Cast out the woman!" cried the angry mother-in-law to her son. "She has been married two years and has borne you no son." But the man, who knew Christ, put his arm around the trembling and shamed girl wife. "Do not cry," he said. "If God never gives us a child, you will always be my wife. I am a Christian."

Christians are leading the way into freedom for women, and some of the more advanced young Moslems are trying to get schools opened for the girls. But progress is slow, and the only real forward movement among the Kabyles of Algeria is being made by the converted men and women.

OPIUM AND BABIES

By VICTOR RAMBO, M.D.

Dr. Rambo went to India in 1923 after finishing his medical course in the University of Pennsylvania. He serves under the United Christian Missionary Society and is stationed at Mungeli, Central Provinces.

LAST week I went to Bilaspur to see how a patient was progressing. While in Bilaspur I stepped over to the opium seller's *dukan* to see how business was. The long stoop-shouldered, cadaverous, beady-eyed, and suspicious seller sat with his feet curled up under him in true Indian style. He held in his hands a small brass balance with which he weighed, as the government requires, each particle of opium sold. In front of him was a box with a hinged lid; in its top, two slits with well worn edges told of the passing of many a coin. Evidently business was good. Beside the box in a smaller container lay the grain and *tola* weights. People came and went, and I asked practically all of them what the opium was to be used for. One said for his boy of eight, another for the sake of health, another for the baby, and one old woman told me in a brazen way, "You give yourselves brandy and we ourselves opium. You give your babies two fingers of brandy and we give our babies opium." She bought a rupee's worth of black gum the size of a walnut. It would last her a week. She gets it every week. She earns probably eight rupees a month; four go for opium.

I told the opium seller of an opium-fed baby I had seen —wrinkled, weazened, weak and puny—and of the difference in mortality of babies in India and in America. He answered, "But it is a benefit to the government to have it sold." We talked of babies and governments. And

the change dropped into the box. The drug trade is the drug trade here as it is in America, and addicts suffer in the same way. The British government will eventually suppress it. Why not soon? Why not? The babies of the Orient, especially of the poor, have suffered enough. A mortality of six, seven and eight hundred per thousand babies before the first year of age should have some influence.

HUNGRY HEARTS MUST WORSHIP

By MARIAN LOCKWOOD MOORE, M.D.

Dr. Moore and her husband, Alfred William Moore, are missionaries of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. They are stationed at Shikohabad, north India, where Dr. Moore is in charge of the dispensary.

A SOFT curtain of wood smoke hangs over the fields in the autumn dusk of north India. It drifts from the clump of mud-walled huts which are the village. A peasant woman is crouched over her little mud stove, boiling the *dahl* and baking the unleavened cakes for the evening meal. Her nearly bare little children sit huddled to watch her. They are stupid with fatigue and hunger. Their last meal was in the early morning.

Close about the village, groups of sacred peacocks cry to one another, "Pe-ong! Pe-ong!" as they eat the grain. They go to roost, one by one, in the trees by the village. The stork and his mate standing by the pool give their shrill cry over and over. He begins the cry and she utters a part of it, and they join voices in a series of staccato screams, repeated over and over after sunset.

Down the road one hears the tinkle of camel bells. A train of the great creatures, with huge loads of cotton bales bobbing on their backs, swing their stiff legs along in the deepening dusk.

The pariah dogs which infest the village suddenly rush off into the fields in a furor of barking, but they pause when a band of jackals, somewhere just beyond, wail and cry and yap. In the hush after this, one hears the snort and sniff of the sacred bull, foraging where he will, wandering unchecked in field and dooryard, nosing and nibbling what suits his fancy. Suddenly the high sing-song of the

muezzin is heard: "Come to prayer—to prayer. God is one god, and Mohammed is his prophet."

Then a great din arises in the darkness—conch shells are blown, bells rung, and all manner of brass vessels pounded. The Hindu priests about the temple door are waking the idol so that he may not fail to hear the prayers which will be said over the evening offering of rice and butterfat and flowers. Torches flame and sputter, swung to and fro by the priests. The lights make more grotesque the figure of the idol in bas-relief on the rear wall. He has a great grinning mouth full of carven teeth, and his eyes bulge. His hands are bent up from the elbows. He has a pot belly and horrid limbs. By this time many half-clad priests are lying on their faces, pounding themselves and beating their heads on the ground. Cries and the din of conch shells and pounded brass are deafening. Surely his stone heart will be moved by such sights and sounds. One turns away literally sickened at the sight of human beings doing obeisance before his leering face; sickened and yet fascinated. It is not because men are evil but because they are hungry-hearted that they worship in this manner when they know no better way.

AN ADVENTURE IN PLAY

By IRENE MOTT

This story in fuller form won first prize in a Harmon Foundation *Survey* contest and was first printed in the *Survey* of January, 1927. Miss Mott, now Mrs. Vivian Bose of Nagpur, Central Provinces, India, is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. John R. Mott. She went to India in 1922 as a volunteer welfare worker among cotton mill employees.

MY FIRST clue came from a deputation of the women themselves. I had been sorely puzzled over the problem of the health education of a low caste Indian village: school attendance had diminished, lectures were skipped, even the community interest in baby shows lagged unless all participants were given an adequate reward for coming. Then a group of women came to me.

"Sister," they said, "we don't want education. What good will books do us? When our daughters grow up they must go out and work in the fields. If we start to learn and then have to stop, the books rise and curse us. Give us instead *pan suparis.*"

Now a *pan supari* is a social gathering which centers around the chewing of betel nut and at which there is usually music, story telling, or some other form of entertainment. When I shut my eyes and think of a *pan supari* I see festoons of mango leaves, wreaths of jasmine and rose petals, brass bowls gleaming and piled high with rice or cocoanuts, and above all a great noise of shouting, singing, and playing of strange musical instruments. This I compared to the enforced order in our school buildings and laughed. But I went home to think it over.

The women in their primitive way had struck at the root of the problem. In spite of all one hears of the lazy life of the tropics, the daily routine of an Indian village

woman permits anything but idleness. She must rise in the gray dawn and bring water from the well, grind wheat into flour in the hand mill, and mash the spices into curry between two stones in time to cook her husband's breakfast before the cotton mills open at six o'clock. That finished, there is more water to fetch, rice to be husked with a heavy polished stick, the baby to bathe, and cow dung to be gathered for a fresh fuel supply. Perhaps the mud hut needs repairing—it is certain to need cleaning—and the brass cooking pots must be scoured with sand. If the wheat supply has run out, the bazaar is three miles from home across the hot fields. In addition, she may be expected to supplement the family income by coolie work.

No, her life was not one of amusement. Still, she was greatly in need of knowing the simple principles of cleanliness and hygiene which we were endeavoring to teach her in the school. If only I could make her education her recreation, and vice versa! Books, I had been convinced for some time, were useless at the present stage of her development. Even if she should learn to read, she would be too poor for years to come to possess any books of her own, and her reading material would be limited to chance handbills and lurid cinema advertisements. Sewing she needed only for mending purposes, as her clothing consists of a piece of cloth draped to fit. I remembered the remark of one woman when urged to come to a sewing class. "Sister, I can't see and the old woman [the mother-in-law] is too old to learn. We will come and listen to stories."

And so I produced stories. As long as the stories held out the women came. But both had dwindled until I considered that class also a failure. In desperation I had offered prizes in three villages to any women who would attend ten hygiene talks and could answer certain reasonable questions at the end. The prizes offered were lavish, for I expected the customary wane in the attendance. And

the decrease had begun as anticipated: fifty dwindled to thirty, and thirty to fifteen, when chance intervened.

A group of Girl Scouts were accustomed to meet in the school building before the women's lecture began. Upon this particular day there had been tardiness and the women assembled in time to see the girls playing their last game, a singing one they were very fond of in which they acted out the day's activities, plentifully interspersed with the habits necessary to health: deep breathing, toothbrushing, hand-washing, and so forth. The older women looked on and were delighted. They beat time with their hands and feet; they sang the chorus; they laughed unrestrainedly, a thing I had seldom seen. Then they came to me.

"Sister," said they, "let us play games when our lecture is over and we shall always come."

Here were full grown women wanting to play! I was amazed, for the Indian girl is never supposed to run and jump after she is nine or ten years old, for often by that time she is married and her husband considers it unseemly. But our school was private; husbands need not know.

"Certainly," I said, "we shall commence with a game today. Why not show me one of your own?"

And they played a game, a strange relic from old tribal dances, designed upon the principle of an endurance test. The women paired off. Clinging to each other, they jumped to a strange rhythmic music. The pairs would collide with one another. Any pair which tumbled over or stopped the continuous jumping from fatigue was eliminated, and the pair remaining at the end carried off the victory. After that I taught them a game from the West. From that day the success of the class was assured, the attendance of the fifteen members was almost perfect, and many of them passed the examination at the end!

The games filled a very real need in the lives of drudgery and hardship the women led; while furnishing the incen-

tive for attendance, they gave rhythmical exercise and recreation in the truest sense. I was delighted and surprised to see their influence along other lines toward the type of community education for which I longed. One of our most baffling problems had been that of caste intolerance. But the spirit of play and of festivity did away with this for the time being and the different castes forgot themselves and played together.

After this we proceeded to a more daring exploit, a health drama acted by the women who had been listening to our talks on baby care and general hygiene. A very simple plot was chosen: that of a good family and a bad family who lived side by side. All the good and all the lurid details of the consequences which follow sanitary and unsanitary methods of living were left entirely unexpurgated. In the end we took photographs which we made up into lantern slides, that the play's influence might extend farther. To my great delight the woman who had most realistically acted the part of the bad woman with dishevelled hair and soiled clothing came to me to say:

"The people who see those pictures will think I am a dirty woman. Take my picture when I am clean and neatly dressed and say at the end of the pictures: 'This is the way she looks when she is not acting.' "

From this point we have great hopes of the future development of our simple plans of education. If through the right kind of recreation we can develop the personal resources of these women and enable them to make better use of what leisure they have, if we can get under their hopelessly resigned attitude which has been brought about by a life of drudgery and give them a sense of responsibility toward the cleanliness and beauty of their homes and villages, and with it all give them a large splash of enjoyment by the way—our method of education will have been found and there remains only the task of working it out.

A CHRISTMAS DAY

By Mrs. Yoshi Akagi

Mrs. Akagi is a teacher of music and English in the Kofu, Japan, mission school of the United Church of Canada. She writes of Christmas, 1931.

I HADN'T quite outgrown the excitement which often calls children back from the land of sleep early in the morning. Christmas! From our bedroom window, snow-clad Mt. Fuji was seen in its perfection. It was so pure, beautiful, and majestic that I exclaimed in spite of myself, "Isn't it just the thing to look at on this blessed morning!" Little Kiyoko was still fast asleep; I knelt down beside her and did not know how long I stayed so, but the rays of the beautiful sun were streaming in when we went downstairs.

What a surprise it was for Kiyoko to come into the room and see the wonderful tree, loaded with pretty shining things. We sat by it to have our little time of worship. There was no father in this house, but we were a happy group—mother, Kiyoko, and Hana, the maid, who was almost one of us. Kiyoko chose "Father, We Thank Thee" and "One Starry Night," and mother, "All Things Beautiful and Fair." After the singing and prayers, we began to open our parcels. Mother had only one, but Kiyoko and Hana received more than a few. Santa Claus had been very good to us. It was the first time for our maid in her twenty-two years of life to have Christmas, and we hoped that this would be worthy of remembrance.

After breakfast, we put some dried fish and biscuits in a *furoshiki* and started out to visit some children who would have no Christmas. One home that we visited had only one six-mat room. At the entrance by the poor broken

door was a small silk-spinning machine at which the mother was working. A girl about six years old was playing out in the sun with a baby on her back. Their father, we learned, had been a printer, but had died in the fall of last year, after a prolonged illness, and the poor widowed mother had been working ever since to support the family. She would get cocoons from the factory and spin them into thread. For this work she received fifteen sen (normally about seven and a half cents) a day. If our Lord were not a Friend who "is touched with the feeling of our infirmities," how could we tell of him to these poor afflicted people?

We went around asking especially for the houses where there was no father. Then I heard the story of another woman. She worked in a silk factory, and as she had no one at home with whom to leave her children she had to take all four of them with her. One girl, who should have been in the second year primary, had to miss school because she had to care for the baby. When she was tired of carrying the baby, or when the poor undernourished young thing began to cry, the mother had to rock her in her lap as she turned the wheel.

The mother would boil sweet potatoes in the pan with the cocoons, and these were the only food the whole family had for days at a time. They were lonely, too. Their simplicity, which could abide no false pride, their lovableness and affliction, smote my heart.

A lane we passed through made me recall another which had almost faded from my memory. When I was a small child, I once passed by a narrow passage between tiny, thatched huts in a by-street of Tokyo. Hearing a horrid, shouting voice of a child, my nursemaid and I peeped into the lane and saw some very poor-looking women and children in rags and with their hair uncombed. A man was whipping a boy. The whole sight haunted me for a long

time; and my nurse was told that she should never take me by that place any more. They said that they were "poor people with no clothes and no manners." I suppose no one told me that they were bad at all, but I took it for granted that they were, because in those days I thought that to have good manners was one of the most important things in life. It never occurred to me for a long time that those people had any relation to my friends or me. But they were our brothers and sisters.

In the afternoon, I wrote a letter to China in the name of the Yamanashi Eiwa Jo Gakko (the school where I am teaching). It said that the teachers and pupils of the school were sending a gift of fifty yen ($25.00) for needy Chinese people as a token of friendship and good-will. As I wrote I could not help looking at my little girl, who had been absorbed in play with her new toys. Kiyoko must have felt my eyes, because she asked, "Mother, what are you doing?"

"Writing to China."

"What is China? Are you writing a letter?"

"Yes, Kiyoko. Over in China there are lots and lots of people, children, too, who have no clothes and no food. And so the school people are sending them some money to help out a little."

"Have the children toys?"

"No, I suppose they haven't."

"Shall I give them my ball and my—but I want my dolls. My dolls are my *Oimoto San* [little sisters], aren't they, mother?"

"Yes, they are, and we can't let our children go. Besides, it's not easy to send toys to China. I think it's best to send money there, because they know what they need, you see. They can buy things if they have money."

Kiyoko thoughtfully said, "Kiyoko Chan should have

kept that money," meaning the money in the mite box which she had emptied a week ago to send, along with others in her kindergarten, to some children in the Tokyo slums.

"That was all right; the children here need things, too. Shall we make another box for Chinese children for next Christmas?"

"Yes, let's."

I remembered how I used to regard China. I was born not many years after the Chino-Japanese War, and I was about six when Japan waged war with Russia. Throughout my childhood I looked upon these neighboring countries as much inferior to ours and the people there as uncivilized. I humbly ask God's forgiveness for our "frantic boast and foolish word." I am thankful that our nation is being led to a better knowledge of international relationships, though we have yet far to go.

My thought still wandered on to another scene. When I was in the first year in high school—a mission school—two Chinese sisters entered our class. Some girls thought them funny and dirty, though they looked clean enough. That very afternoon we had some games together in which we were obliged to join our hands. The girls who were next to these new foreigners did not like to put out their hands for them to grasp, and no one else offered to do so either. That day we had no conversation lesson, our favorite class. Our teacher, a young Japanese lady, who evidently had noticed the way we had treated our new classmates, began to talk to us about the incident. Her exact words have been forgotten; but she even cried for these little Chinese girls, and finally convinced us that we had done a very shameful thing.

I am sitting in my little room all alone with thoughts of the past and the present. Hana comes in to show me the

cute little cap she has been making for one of Kiyoko's dolls. I am thankful that she is kind to my little girl, and that they are fond of each other. Kiyoko is learning to be nice to her, too. When I was a child, my mother didn't approve of my doing things for our maids. If I hadn't been taught of Christ's love, I wonder if I should feel the same way now; or is it our changing customs that have influenced me? But where has even this change come from? Cannot its flow be traced to the Source where kings and slaves alike quench their thirst?

One day, when I was twelve, I got a little doll on my way home from school. My nursemaid, who was not much older than I, admired it very much, and I resolved to get her one of the same kind the next day. I did, but mother was rather cross about it. She said that it was not at all proper for an *O Jo Sama* (honorable young lady) to be so intimate with a servant. She did not mean that we couldn't be kind to them, but to take the trouble of buying a toy for a maid was out of the question. Miyo, the maid, was reproved, too, for receiving it.

Since Christ has begun to walk along the Japanese road, things have changed. Our grandmothers had no doubts concerning their mode of life; they didn't even think about the matter. But in this age of thinking, doubting, struggling, we should indeed feel lost if we could not see his hand pointing the way.

I think of the mysterious ways through which I have been led to him. It was very unusual, even in Japan, to have had no information whatever about Christianity when I entered the mission school at thirteen. I am sure it was the first time for me to hear even the word Bible. But then, I was not put there for Christianity. Mother, who felt the need of English very much herself, accompanying father in diplomatic services to different countries, insisted on my learning English and music. I think of my missionary

teachers, both Canadian and Japanese, as my friends, for they had become exactly that in the true sense of the word. I recall them with affection and gratitude. Unlike the apostles at the Gate Beautiful, they could give what they had been asked for—English and music—and yet, like them, they could also pass on something which had not been requested, something which really counts. Yes, life itself!

In one class, which used to be held every Sunday afternoon, there were only two girls who attended regularly. Our principal, an aged Canadian lady, told us the wonderful story of Creation. It was really the expression on her face when she was reading the nineteenth Psalm in her broken Japanese that won my first interest.

At the end of this beautiful day, as I kneel down before Christ once more, I renew my pledge to try to follow my predecessors and to work for the realization of the bold vision which first came to the young Nazarene two thousand years ago.

Chapter Six

STORIES THAT MUST BE RETOLD

He raised not an army for to fight
And force religion, but did men invite
By gentle means.

—Thomas Washbourne

THE MISSIONARY AS A DEMOCRAT

By PAUL W. HARRISON, M.D.

See note about Dr. Harrison on page 3. The following story of friendly contacts with Arabs was printed in May, 1925.

THERE are no finer friends in the world than Arabs, and I have yet to meet an Arab who cannot be won as a friend if he is approached on the basis of simple, democratic friendship. But this is not always an easy thing to do. It means inviting Arab friends to enjoy one's hospitality whenever the occasion offers and accepting their invitations in return. A caravan traveling through the desert in the winter starts out from its night camp two hours before the sun gets up and travels steadily for the whole day. Half an hour before sunset the caravan leader selects a place for the next camp where fuel is available. Everyone brings his camel up to the camping spot, and after dismounting and removing the camel's load, starts out to hunt for fuel. One brings back some dry weeds; another finds a few dry twigs on a discouraged, stunted tree; another some dried camel manure, the remains of a previous encampment. Soon there is a bonfire. But there is one man who does not go off to hunt for fuel. He is the caravan cook, and it is his duty to make baking powder biscuit for supper. He takes the saddle upon which he has been riding all day, a thick, hairy piece of goatskin, and turns it wrong side up on the sand. This puts the hair side down and the skin side up. He beats it in the middle with his fist, and thus makes a dish out of it. Into this dish is poured a certain amount of flour and a certain number of cups of water, and the whole is kneaded into a dough and patted into the shape of a large pancake, the size of a large dinner plate and an inch or an inch and a quarter thick.

It is about as nice and light as a brick or a paving stone. The bonfire has burned down to ashes by this time and the baking powder biscuit is put into these ashes and left to bake for perhaps twenty minutes. Then it is taken out and kneaded a second time with some clarified butter and a few dates, or it may be eaten as it is without this second kneading.

Now, of course, if the missionary prefers he can sit off by himself and eat a sardine out of a tin can, if he has a tin can with a sardine in it; but the way to get acquainted with the Arab is to sit in the circle around the fire and eat what the Arab eats and enjoy it. A little Bohemianism of soul is almost a necessity for a missionary in Arabia. It may be necessary to pray for a zinc-lined and copper-riveted stomach. If so, he prays for it. After the first course of baking powder biscuit is finished, a bonbon course may be served. Roasted locusts do not look very appetizing. Indeed, they look very much otherwise, but they taste better than they look. We do not have roasted locusts every year in Arabia, but when we have them, we have lots of them, and they are likely to be served on every occasion. In such years the locusts may come over the country in great clouds and the sun may be obscured by them for two or three days. Wherever they alight they eat up every green thing, leaving the ground as bare as a cement walk. A strong wind drifts these locusts much as it would drift dead leaves, and the desert nomads go out and gather them by the bushel, indeed by the ton. They are roasted in ordinary Arab ovens and are for sale in every bazaar in that part of the country. And when roasted locusts are served, the thing to do is to eat roasted locusts. The man next to him has taken twelve, so the missionary takes six. A roasted locust is seized amidships. His wings are pulled off, and also his bony hind legs. Nobody eats them. His head is pulled out by the roots, and what re-

mains is eaten. It tastes much better than it sounds. Much better than raw oysters, I am sure!

After the evening meal is finished, there is an opportunity for stories, and quite certainly, as each one in the circle contributes his yarn, the missionary will be asked for a story, too. "You have listened to stories from our country; tell us a story from your country." It is well to have a story ready for just such emergencies. One which I frequently use concerns an old colored man in the South whose friend had died. At the request of relatives he sat up with the corpse. It was a hot night, and so he decided to sit outside in the open air next to the kitchen. There had been a balloon ascension in a town not far from there, and the wind coming up suddenly had blown the balloon away from its moorings. As the aviator sailed over the country he hung out an anchor in the hope of catching a house or a tree or something of the sort. The anchor caught up the colored man sitting just outside the kitchen. As he was carried off through the air he prayed in great terror, "Oh, Lord, it ain't me, it ain't me—the corpse is inside, the corpse is inside." Many an Arab camp, under the stars of the desert, has voted that a first-class story. No one believes it. True stories are not expected around a campfire of that sort. A rule that they must be true would cramp the prevalent style hopelessly.

This approach to the Arab on the basis of simple, unaffected, democratic friendliness is ninety per cent of missionary method. Associating with the Arabs in this way, you will readily be accepted as their friend. Many otherwise troublesome details will then take care of themselves.

THE WAY OF LOVE WORKS

By WALTER H. JUDD, M.D.

See the note about Dr. Judd on page 12. See also his sketch, "The Chinese Mother," on page 127. The following statement is another part of the address he gave at the Buffalo convention of the Student Volunteer Movement following his return from China in 1931 after six years of missionary service.

A DEEP conviction which I want to share with you is this: the way of love works. I believed this was true before I went to China, but I was afraid that perhaps in a pinch it wouldn't work. Maybe I can sum it up by saying that my hospital has been taken over seven times in the last five years by hostile groups of one sort or another. Every time, we were practically cleaned out, except the drug room. Thank heaven, medicine comes in foreign bottles with foreign names. They had all heard of the white man's powerful medicines and they were afraid to monkey with them. That fact allowed me to carry on my work. There were always individuals with sore toes or blisters, or stomach ache, or cough, or whatnot, who sooner or later had to forego their pride and come to the foreign doctor.

Race prejudice is the same the world around. I don't like it, but I can't get excited when I am treated shabbily by certain types of Chinese, for I remember what I thought in 1918 about the Germans and what they thought about me. We are all inclined to take one or two incidents and make them characteristic of a whole race. For example, a foreigner gets off the boat at Shanghai. There is a low-class Chinese there who, in making change, cheats him a little because he doesn't know about the small money in China. He goes away saying all the Chinese are dishonest. Later he disembarks in Yokohama, and because he comes off second best with a Japanese trader there, he says all

Japanese are tricky. Some Americans go over there and kick and slap Chinese coolies (I have seen them do it) and hence the unthinking Chinese conclude that all foreigners are imperialists. They reason something like this: "This man is a white man, all white men are imperialists; therefore, off with his head!"

And yet I managed to keep my little clinic open every day for treatments. On the second or third day after the troops take over the city they discover that no matter what foreigners as a whole may be, this particular foreigner is more or less harmless. Some of the more sensitive spirits among them then come in and make known their shame for the shabby treatment of the earlier days.

When I had been in China only a little time, in the winter and spring of 1927, the nationalist armies were coming up from the south filled with Russian propaganda. Russia was trying to create a world revolution. Her chief obstacle was the British government under the Conservative party. If she could overthrow the Conservative government, the Labor government, she hoped, would be more radical—more radical than it actually turned out to be. She found she couldn't break Great Britain in Europe. She turned her eyes toward the Orient. If she could pull India away from England, if she could break Great Britain's tremendous market in China, she could overthrow the Conservative government. I have never seen such propaganda as went out in China against the British in 1927 under Russian direction—except what we used in the World War against the Germans.

The soldiers came to our town, and somebody told them I was a Britisher. They got hold of me, bound me, and took me down along the river bank to shoot me. I suppose that was so the bullets that went through me would then hit the river bank and not somebody else. I protested the best I could that I was not a Britisher. They didn't believe

me. If a man knew he would be killed if he admitted he was a Britisher, of course he wouldn't admit it! To do that wouldn't be honesty; it would be dumbness! So, naturally, they paid no attention to what I said. I tried to get my passport; they wouldn't let me loose to get it. But I was talking full speed. It is amazing how well you can talk Chinese when you have to! Words just come floating out that you didn't know you had! I was trying to delay the game long enough for local people to gather around to take my part. A crowd gathers quickly in circumstances of that kind.

In about three minutes—I thought it was three weeks—along came a man with three or four others. He was a farmer. I didn't recognize him then, but I found out afterward he had been a patient in the hospital some months before. I had operated on a boil on his neck. You wouldn't think that would incur a man's favor, but it apparently did. He heard me trying to convince these people that I was from some place by the name of "Meikuo," and realized that if I could convince them of that fact they would probably let me go. He got down on his knees and hit his forehead on the rocks until the blood ran out. He grabbed them by the knees. One man grabbed him by the back of his coat while another stabbed his bayonet through the coat next to his skin. They hit him with the butts of their guns. I thought they would kill him then and there. He did not stop. He just knew I was from America! (Of course, he didn't know anything about it at all.) But he delayed things until others came and took my part. Some of the soldiers held a consultation. Finally they went to the magistrate who vouched for me, and then they let me go and apologized. They hadn't intended to kill any Americans; as soon as they found I was an American, they released me.

You can do a lot for people who will do what this man

did for me. Just one little touch I had with him, but in the end it saved my life.

Another time, I was going down the river with another doctor, a man over sixty years old, who at the time was so ill we had to take him down the river where he could get better care. If we did take him, there was risk on the river from bandits, to be sure. But if we didn't, he was likely to die. On the second or third day out we ran into bandits. There they were, forty or fifty of them. I thought, "What will happen to this old doctor if they seize him? If they take me up in the hills, it is all right. I am young and perhaps can talk them out of it. But if they take this sick man, he will die in one night of midwinter exposure."

Luckily among them I saw a fellow I knew, a friend of mine. He had been in the hospital as a patient. Nobody likes to be known as a bandit, you know, and practically every bandit, if he can get enough money ahead, at some time during the year goes in to get cleaned up and be a good citizen for a while. This man had been in the clinic. I hadn't known at that time that he was a bandit. When he saw me now he began to edge off; he was ashamed to let me see him in that capacity. I somehow hit on the right thing to do. I threw myself, you might say, on his mercy. I walked over to him and said, "My, I am glad I ran into you! I was nervous about things. This old doctor with me is very ill. I had to bring him down the river. I heard there were bandits down here. I was afraid we might run into some."

"That's right. There *are* bandits down here. You ought not to be here."

"I know it. But we had to come. Can't you do something to help us through the bandits?"

Now, he was a bandit. And I knew he was a bandit. Furthermore, he knew I knew he was a bandit. But we didn't say anything about it! Thus he had a chance not

only to save his face but to save me, to become my protector. You ought to have heard that man take my part. Some insisted that they carry us off for ransom. Here was a prize of $50,000! (They think we foreigners are all rich.) That fellow protested for two hours and finally prevailed, and they put four men on the boats and told the boatmen, in another dialect, to go slowly, which meant we were going to go close to the main body of bandits down below and they wanted time to send runners ahead to tell them not to shoot us when we went by. We didn't see any of the bandits as we went along. But, of course, they were there in the grass looking at us.

Well, the way of love just works. That is all.

EL CHRISTO INVINCIBLE

By SAMUEL GUY INMAN

Dr. Inman, secretary of the Committee on Cooperation in Latin America, for a number of years was a missionary in Mexico. He has traveled widely through all of the Latin American countries, lecturing in the universities and conferring with statesmen, educators, and intellectual leaders.

MANY years ago I stood on the plaza of the beautiful little city of Saltillo, Mexico, just a couple of hundred miles from the border of the United States. A great religious fiesta was taking place. I was talking with one of the distinguished lawyers of that city. As we talked we walked. Among the pilgrims making their way across the plaza to the beautiful cathedral was an old lady crawling on her knees. They were bleeding. In devotion to her patron saint she had crawled all the way from her mountain village to the cathedral. The great lawyer, looking at her, said, "I would give all I have in the world for such faith."

This scene represents to me the need of evangelism in Latin America. We go to Latin America to give that lawyer the faith which he said he would give all he possessed to have. We go to Latin America also not to ridicule but to uplift and beautify the faith of that woman.

A few years ago I was dining with three or four of the most distinguished citizens of Buenos Aires. We sat down at the table at about eight o'clock in the evening and arose after midnight. We were discussing the question of religion. Their whole argument seemed to be summed up in these words: "When you ask us to be religious, you ask us to be immoral, for religion in our country is associated with the immoralities of our life."

What a difference between that scene and the one that occurred a little while ago in the city of Buenos Aires at

an anniversary celebration of one of Argentina's most distinguished literary men, Ricardo Rojas. Rojas had just concluded his now famous book, *El Christo Invincible,* "The Invincible Christ," a book which marks an epoch in the spiritual life of the continent. For the first time one of South America's great intellectuals had selected the theme of Christ and had dedicated his book to that theme, and the greatest of the two million people of that city had come to do him honor.

THEY COULD NOT HOLD HIM

ANONYMOUS

AT TWENTY-THREE he was a doctor of philosophy, at twenty-eight organist to the Bach Society in Paris and to the Orfeo Catala in Barcelona. Europe came to look upon him as the greatest authority on the playing and constructing of organs. He wrote a life of Bach. Not satisfied to tread these trails he had blazed in the universe of music, the young organist began to bid for attention in the theological circles of the Continent.

And right then a strange thing happened. A statue sent him flying down to Africa—the sculptured figure of a Negro. Young Schweitzer caught a glimpse of that stone face and it burned its way into his soul. The infinite sadness of the eyes, the everlasting tragedy and the eternal hope that rested on that black brow went to his heart like a knife. "I resolved to study medicine and to put my ideas to the test out there." In four years he graduated, a Doctor of Medicine. And in 1913, with his wife, who was a trained nurse, he set his face toward darkest Africa.

Schweitzer is there now. He made a flying trip to Europe recently for "rest"; during his vacation he worked on another book and raised more money for the hospital. They tried hard to keep him at home: Prague and St. Andrews universities each made him an honorary doctor of philosophy; the city of Frankfort presented him with their Goethe prize, awarded for distinguished service to humanity. Westminster Abbey called him again, and he played. Ramsay MacDonald sent for him to come to Downing Street and talk. *But they could not hold him.*

SEKULU MALENGA

By H. C. McDowell

Mr. McDowell, a graduate of Talladega College, is the founder of a mission at Galangue, Angola, Africa. This mission, administered by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, is partially manned and financed by American Negro churches.

Sekulu Malenga had been one of the counselors to the paramount chief of the Va-Galangue, prime minister to the chief of a large district, and eventually village headman in his own right. Incidentally, he had been a great trader and traveler. He knew some of the great lakes of the interior and spoke the language of many of the interior tribes. He was once a wealthy man, as the Va-Galangue counted wealth. The trail to Catombela and Benguela—slave-trading centers on the west coast—was his highway, and he was known personally to several of the leading Portuguese traders and to at least two Portuguese governors of that era. Throughout Galangue he was respected for his thrift, justice, and sobriety. He was considered a bit queer and something of a dreamer. He had learned much about medicines from his father and became known as the healer of the poor, for he refused to divine and exact great fees. He reared a large family.

I wish I could share some of the fine contacts that led to my real friendship with him. One day he said, "All my life I have tried to point the way to better things for my children. They are witnesses that I have set them a good example. Malenga and his children are not known as drunkards, thieves, or adulterers. When they have erred it has been against my teachings, and at the court I have never shielded them in wrongdoing. Many of the things that you indicate for the good of the country I have encouraged,

but it has been an up-hill struggle. You preach a helpful something that cleans up the insides and gives a new motive. I have not had that, and that is what I need. I marvel at the way you say Jesus lived here upon earth and how he gave himself. It looks as though in my last years I shall lead my children to true life."

I counselled him to seek a fuller understanding of this way of life and to count the cost, for he had much at stake. We had occasional talks together, and at last in a meeting Sekulu Malenga held the large audience of children and adults spellbound for an hour and a half as he related his quest for life. It was a history of the tribe over a period of about seventy-five years. He told how he had sought life in the quiet moments spent in the ancestral shrine as he communed with the sacred dead. He openly confessed the lack of spiritual satisfaction that for years he had admitted to himself after tribal ceremonies and ritual. He told of his hopes in the new régime and of the subsequent disillusionment. His closing words haunt me to this day. He turned to me and said, "Nala Meke has reminded me that I have much at stake—my wives, my slaves, cattle due me from debtors, and many other interests. I have blundered through life these many years. I have followed a great many caravan leaders on long trips and through hostile territory, carrying great wealth to exchange with the tribes of the interior or the traders at the coast, where without confidence in the leader and obedience to his instructions the trip would never have been successful. Today I join the caravan of a greater Leader, and I trust him to lead me to a just settlement of all these issues. The little that I have already heard and understood of his way of life gives me enough to make a start, and no caravan leader explains the whole trip at its beginning. For these many years I sought after something, I knew not what. Now I have found it. This is a new day

for the Va-Galangue, and from what I hear about this Jesus, he will make a great leader for this country."

Jesus has been a wonderful leader for Malenga and his country for seven years now. Malenga's fine religious nature and background and active mind have helped to naturalize Christian truth for his people and have given valuable direction to the emerging Umbundu church. He has been my teacher and I have sat as a child, literally, enraptured by his stories and his unfolding of native customs and ceremonies. He has had as much influence upon my thinking as any professor I have ever had.

Last March, Sekulu Malenga stood by while his eldest son, my pupil for six years, was set apart as my successor as shepherd of the Va-Galangue. At the end of the service Sekulu Malenga gave a father's blessing to the first native pastor of his people. A few days ago I joined in singing the spiritual, "My Soul Is a Witness." A phrase called my friend Sekulu Malenga to mind, and I said to myself, "Sekulu Malenga is a witness for my Lord."

"MY HEART IS BROADENED"

By DANIEL J. FLEMING

Dr. Fleming, from 1904 to 1914 a missionary to India of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A., is now professor of missions at Union Theological Seminary, New York.

A MISSIONARY is examining an old woman of seventy-three for baptism and admission to the church.

"Who is Jesus?"

"Jesus died for me."

"How did he die?"

"I don't know."

"Who were Jesus' disciples?"

"I don't remember. I can't read."

"Do you know the names of any of the books of the Bible?"

"When one can't read . . ."

"Where did Jesus live on earth?"

Silence.

The missionary stopped, discouraged. The deacons saw that the old woman had made a very poor showing.

"This old lady is one of our most faithful Christians," they said. "She always comes to our meetings, though she lives three miles away. She gives cheerfully what she can to every good cause. She used to have a terrible temper, but since she believed, she has become very kind-hearted and patient. Everybody knows about it."

The missionary looked at her. Seventy-three years old and she might be gone before he could come around next year. He decided to give her another trial.

"Who is God?"

"God is our heavenly Grandfather."

"Where is he?"

"Wherever I go, he is there."

"Can you talk to him?"

Her face brightened up with understanding: "Yes, I can."

"When do you talk to him?"

"Why, very often. When I am working in the fields, when I am making bread, when I feel sad, I talk to him and my heart is broadened." Her tongue was loosed. She was now on familiar ground. "I talk to him whenever I want to. Sometimes I have more to say and talk longer. Sometimes I have only one or two thoughts and talk shorter. Whatever I have in my heart, I say."

CHRIST COMES TO KARAM

By WILLIAM McE. MILLER

Mr. Miller is a missionary to Persia of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. The following story is part of his address at the Buffalo convention of the Student Volunteer Movement over the year-end, 1931-1932. It is taken directly from the published report of that convention and is the only sketch in this book which has not previously appeared in either the Student Volunteer Movement *Bulletin* or *Far Horizons*.

A POOR man lived in the city of Nishapur, the city of Omar Khayyám. He worked for a master who kept his eye on him and paid him no wages. After a long time this poor fellow grew desperate. He began to think what he might do to recompense himself for the work he had done for his unfeeling master. It occurred to him that he might steal his master's donkey. One day, when an opportunity offered, he mounted the donkey and rode away to a city some fifty miles distant. In a short time the police discovered his whereabouts. He was arrested and turned over to a soldier to be conducted back to Nishapur. It was winter time. The roads were covered with snow and ice. The soldier, not wishing to walk all this distance, mounted the donkey and ordered Karam to walk in front.

Karam had no shoes, and by the time he reached Nishapur, you can imagine the bruised and bleeding condition of his feet. They had been frozen, too. But no one paid any attention to him. He was thrown into prison, and there he lay until after a time a terrible stench was noticed by the people in the prison. Karam's feet were literally rotting away. The attendants went down into the prison and picked him up. They took him outside the city walls, and laid him down in the graveyard, there to remain until he should die and could be buried.

A kindly man heard of what had happened. He went out, brought in this poor fellow, and tried to cure him. He was an old-fashioned Persian doctor with a loving heart but with no medical skill, and when he found himself unable to heal those awful feet, he put Karam out in the streets again to beg. There for some months he spent a life that was a living death.

Along in the springtime word came to the bazaar of Nishapur that the American Christian doctor from Meshed was going to come for one of his trips. This doctor had been there before. The people of Nishapur knew and respected him, and many of them loved him.

It is marvelous what the love of Jesus Christ can do in changing people's attitudes. The people of Persia have always believed that non-Moslems were unclean. They wouldn't eat with a Christian. They wouldn't shake hands with a Christian. They wouldn't associate with a Christian. But let a man who has the love of Christ go and live and work among them, and those walls break down and men can meet together as brothers before one God, the Father.

The people of Nishapur, when they heard that the doctor had come, began to crowd his dispensary. Most of them came from the villages because in that district, where there are at least one hundred thousand people, there is not at the present time one single, fully qualified physician. They crowded into the dispensary where he was at work.

Karam also dragged himself along the dirty streets of Nishapur into the caravanserai, and when his turn came he went in to see the doctor. When the doctor saw the condition of his feet, he knew there was only one thing to do, and he said to Karam, "Are you willing that I should cut off one of your feet this afternoon? It is the only way to help you."

Karam said he was willing. When the dispensary work of the morning had been finished—perhaps two or three

hundred people had been treated—and the doctor had begun on his afternoon's work of surgery, Karam's turn arrived. The doctor's wife cleaned up one of his feet, and he was given an anesthetic. After the foot was amputated he was carried out by the attendant and laid in one of the rooms which surround the open square of the caravanserai. A man whose little boy was in the same room said he would look after him. That afternoon, as I was going from room to room, trying to bring a word of love and cheer and hope to the patients, I came to Karam's room.

I opened the door and looked in. There seemed to be nothing there, except over in a dark corner something that looked like a bunch of old rags. I went over, stooped down, and found that underneath there was a human being. He was about the most pitiable object that my eyes had ever fallen upon; he was filthy, miserably clad, and groaning with pain. I wondered if there was anything I could say to help this man. Had everything possible been done for him, or was there something more that I could do? I stooped over him and said, "Don't be afraid. Don't worry. God loves you. Jesus Christ is with you. You are not alone in this room. Trust yourself to God's loving care, and I believe God will make you well."

Then I prayed for him that he might be healed; that the pain might stop; and I went on my way. A little later I returned. I asked him how he was getting along. He said, "I am much better. From the time you came and prayed for me all the pain has gone away." I could hardly believe that; yet he seemed to be feeling much better.

Next time I went I took a book from my pocket and stooped down by his side and read him a story. It was a story of a Shepherd and his sheep, One who led them forth into the pasture and brought them back again, and knew them by name, and whose sheep knew him and followed him. This story made a deep impression on the

poor fellow. I found out later why it did. He had been a shepherd once himself. He had taken his sheep out on the bare hillsides of Persia. He had guarded them from the robbers and from the wolves, and he knew all that was meant in this story. Then every day, as I went to him and read other stories, there seemed to come a joy into his life. He began to say, "It is Jesus who is making me well. Jesus took pity upon me. Jesus brought me here. Jesus is healing me."

The work in the hospital in Nishapur was finished, and the doctor went back to his main work in Meshed. As he loaded up the boxes of drugs in the truck and put the hospital assistants on top of them, Karam was put in their midst and taken to Meshed. There, for the first time in his life, he was put in a clean bed; and there were kind people to take care of him. In the course of time the other foot was amputated, and he began to make a beautiful recovery.

When he was in the hospital in Meshed I used to go over and read to him. I taught him to read a little. Of course, he had grown up in the desert, with never a chance to learn to read. (I suppose eighty or ninety per cent of the people in Persia can't read.) I took my little book and showed him the words, "*Man shaban-i-niku hastam* [I the good shepherd am]," and he repeated them after me. Then another line, and then another, and pretty soon he was reading the story of the Good Shepherd for himself.

Then when the summer came to a close, the doctor pronounced him cured. We put him in a shoemaker's shop out in the city where he might learn to mend old shoes and earn a few pennies to support himself. Someone promised to get him a pair of artificial feet with which he might learn to walk.

When spring came, the doctor sent for him. The feet had come. He was to try them on. But when he went into the hospital he held out his hand and he said to the doctor,

"Look at this swelling which has come on my wrist." The doctor told him to go to bed, and when he examined him he discovered that he had contracted tuberculosis and was in a serious condition. The feet were put up back of his pillow, and he showed them to the people that passed by with all the pride of a little child with a new toy. But he never learned to walk with those feet; we soon saw that there was very little hope of his being able to pull through.

I used to go to his bedside every day and read him those passages in the Bible which were most comforting and strengthening. I read to him of God's love, of our being children of God through Jesus Christ, and one day as I was reading the tears began to course down his rough, black face. I can see him now as he shook his head and said, "Oh, that is too good to be true! I have been such a wicked man! That can't be for me! I have sinned. I cannot be God's child."

I said to him, "Yes, Karam, Jesus Christ died to make you good. He has taken your sins on himself and you are forgiven and free. You are God's child."

After a time, when we saw that he was soon to leave us, we took him in a private room in the hospital and a few of the Christians gathered together, and he was baptized in the name of Jesus Christ. It was the greatest day of his life! He knew then that he was a child of God.

About two weeks after that one of the hospital attendants came to my house and said to me, "Karam is at rest."

I went over to the hospital. I went into the room where his poor mutilated body was lying. He was dead, but he had become alive again. He was lost, but he had been found. As his physical strength had been failing, there opened in that crude, rough man a faith and a joy and a peace which were beautiful to see, just like a flower bursting forth from stony and rough ground. Yes, he had something which death could not take away.

THE THREE MONKEYS

By J. E. Kwegyir Aggrey

Born in Africa, educated in an American college and a professor in its faculty for twenty years, member of educational commissions to the land of his birth, J. E. Kwegyir Aggrey laughed and loved and thought his way into the hearts and minds of thousands of both whites and blacks before he died in his early fifties. The fascinating story of his life is told by E. W. Smith under the title *Aggrey of Africa.*

Near a lagoon or pond in Cape Coast, Gold Coast, west Africa, stood a guava tree, all the fruit of which had been pulled, shaken, or picked, save one. This one guava looked the choicest, most luscious, and certainly the most tempting. But this one guava hung on a branch that leaned over the deep lagoon and made an approach to it very dangerous, if not impossible. A monkey saw it and desired it. At once he leaped to the tree and made for the fruit, but the ripe guava fell into the water, within sight, but beyond reach. The monkey slid down the branch, and holding on with one hand to the branch, with the other hand he tried to reach the fruit. But the guava danced up and down as if saying, "You can't get me, you can't get me." It was within sight but still beyond reach.

A second monkey, too, spied the fruit. He slid down the same branch, down the two hands of the first monkey, and holding on with one hand to the extended hand of the first monkey, tried with the other hand to reach the guava. The tempting fruit lay there within sight, but still beyond reach. A third monkey also spied the guava. At once he slid down the branch, over the first monkey and over the second monkey, thus forming the last link in a chain long enough to reach the fruit in the water. He grasped it. The prize was won!

Now, to whom did the guava belong? Not to the first monkey, because he could not reach it. Not to the second, either, because neither could he reach it. And certainly not to the third, because he could not have reached it had he not been held by the other two. Had the chain been broken none of them could have gotten it. The guava belonged to all three.

The three monkeys may be compared to the three agencies of Christianization—the old or pioneer missionary, the modern or present missionary, and the native himself, in our case, the man of African origin. There was never a moment, never a second, during the time it took to get the guava that any one of the three monkeys could have been dispensed with. Each was absolutely necessary.

The old missionary first saw the guava of a redeemed and enlightened Africa. Leaving home and loved ones he braved the seas and went into the thickest of the fight. He died proclaiming salvation, spreading the glad tidings, or returned home broken in health and died. If not unwept and unhonored, he was at least in many cases unsung. Our debt to this pioneer is immeasurable. For he led the way, he blazed the path. The second monkey represents the new missionary—the one of the present age, better equipped in many ways than the first. He goes to spread the glad tidings but also to create, to find and make, leaders among the people who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death. His work may be less extensive, but certainly it is more intensive, and is also invaluable.

The third monkey represents the man of the soil himself, the native. There is a part to play that he alone can play. Like the third monkey, he cannot do without the other two, and they in turn cannot do without him, if the guava is to be reached. In the last day the glory will be not only to the native who has actually reached the guava, but also to the pioneer and to the present-day missionary,

whether abroad on the firing line or at home backing those up who go.

It is a glorious thought, a matchless opportunity, a magnificent challenge—enough to stir us all to the very depths. The time is now; the hour has struck. God is depending on us. He has made no other plan. Unto us comes the call. Let us not fail him.

Chapter Seven

FOR THE JOY OF THE TASK

Voices said, "Stay!"
But the Voice said, "Come!"
So I'm off and away
To my transient home,
Be it mountains green,
Or Alaskan snows,
Or under a tropic sky,
Who knows?
Who cares?—if only
It be a place
Untouched as yet
By the Master's grace;
Untaught as yet
Of that Life, that Gift
That spoke God's power
To redeem and lift.
Voices said, "Stay!"
But the Voice said, "Go!"
Could I hoard the wonderful
Truths I know?
O heart, be strong!
O feet, be swift!

—Catherine Culnan

A MISSIONARY FIRST

By PRISCILLA HOLTON

Miss Holton was for several years a missionary to China of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. She is now Mrs. Clarence A. Neff, and she and her husband, as representatives of the American Board, are engaged in educational mission work in Guadalajara, Mexico. The following sketch, in longer form, was first printed in the *Missionary Herald*. It was reprinted, with permission, in 1929. Its original title was "Not My Idea of a Missionary."

WHEN I was in college nothing was farther from my thoughts than the possibility that I might some day be a missionary. Discussing the future with a member of "my crowd" as we were walking around the campus one night in my sophomore year, I announced emphatically, "There is one thing I hope I may never have anything to do with—and that's a missionary!"

The girl with me stared in amazement. "For mercy's sake!" she cried, "whatever put that in your head? Why in the world should you?"

"I don't know why I worry about it," I admitted, "but there is something inside me that won't keep still. It keeps saying that some day I'll end up by being one."

She laughed. "That certainly would be choice!" Then she added slowly, "No, I don't know that it would be so strange after all. I can just picture you a missionary; you're fond of poking your nose into other people's affairs."

Which is still, I have discovered, the connotation in people's minds of the word "missionary."

I became one after all. Yet even when I started for China, bubbling over with youthful enthusiasm, keen for the opportunity of teaching in a foreign land, I was still, in my own heart, a teacher rather than a missionary. The doctor who was taking me out shared none of my aversion to

the word. She seemed to delight in using it before the public. No matter where we registered, no matter what visa we signed, quite simply she wrote against the word *profession,* "missionary physician." I was careful to write "teacher." One day after an officious soul had "high-hatted" her, I blurted out, "Why don't you sign your name as a doctor? Why do you always drag in that word missionary?"

She gazed at me with that look of tolerant indulgence which I later recognized as meaning, "How young you are, my child!" and her answer was simply, "Because I am a missionary first and a doctor second."

I shook my head with a sigh. It was incomprehensible to me that she actually preferred that word. Later, I learned that deans of universities, brilliant, scholarly men, were missionaries first and deans second. They preferred to be! Surgeons who performed difficult eye operations were missionaries first! Teachers and nurses and business managers of the missions; all of them were missionaries first.

By the time I returned to America I was so proud (and at the same time humble) to share that title missionary, that I wanted everyone to know it. On the boat coming across the Pacific a stunning English woman came up to me. One eyebrow was tilted with curiosity.

"You're not a mission'ry, are you?" The insinuations of that remark! It connoted rusty poke bonnets and little old ladies with hair skinned back from their foreheads.

I answered quietly, having learned much from the doctor, "Yes, I am a missionary."

An amazed silence greeted that. She puffed away for several minutes, planning a fresh attack.

"Well, I must say, you're certainly not my idea of a mission'ry."

My answer grew crisp. "That's no compliment to me."

"What!" she cried. "You mean to say you're not ashamed of being called a mission'ry?"

I could not be as gracious as the doctor. The sarcasm born with me will never be quite killed. "Well," I countered, and my voice was rather sweet, "are you ashamed of being the wife of a foreign business man in the Orient?"

"My dear child," she exclaimed in the most startled tone, "that's entirely different."

"Entirely," I answered, more gently than before. "That's why I'm not ashamed of being a missionary."

She didn't understand. People like that never will, unless, perhaps, they meet people like the doctors and the deans who are missionaries first. That girl who walked the campus with me still pats my head with tolerant sighs, as though to say, "Poor darling Prilla! What a child she is! We must be patient. Some day she will get over all this mission business."

On the other hand, one of the girls from that same crowd is making great strides in Americanization work. She happens to be one of the leading social women of her city. She radiates life. I had not seen her for some time, until last year, and, I must confess, her very magnificence startled me.

"Tell me, honestly," she said one night, "how do you do it?"

"Do it?"

"You know quite well what I mean; how do you dare have faith enough?"

"How do you?" I returned.

She smiled. "You might not believe me."

"Or you me," I said.

"Well, then," she decided, "perhaps it's the same reason."

We looked at each other. I know she was seeing the faces of her Italian workmen and the wistful madonnas

who came to her to help them solve the strain of living in a foreign land. I know I saw the face of a Wen Shan student, and I heard the children outside that compound wall in Foochow. Neither of us answered aloud. But my heart said, while those faces were still before me:

"It is because we have seen Jesus, the Christ!"

BETTER THAN PLANTING RUBBER TREES

By JOHN ELDER

John Elder has been since 1922 a missionary to Persia under the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. This conversation between two business men was reported in 1929.

IN THE smoking room of a trans-Pacific liner a business man, returning from Shanghai, was talking to his traveling companion.

"What do missionaries want to bother the people in the Orient for, anyway?" he asked. "They were getting along pretty well without us, and I can't see that our religion has helped them any. Missionaries might well stay in the United States and convert some of the heathen there!"

His companion's face was browned by the tropical sun. He had the poise of the out-of-doors and answered in an unhurried manner.

"Yes, I guess there's plenty they could do in the United States—what with our lynchings, and gang wars, and bootlegging. But I doubt if a comparatively small number of missionaries could add much to what's already being done by the many churches and Christian social agencies. On the whole, America knows better. But a few missionaries are doing marvels in getting an aroused public conscience in the Far East."

"They're chiefly upsetting old beliefs and practices, lining the natives up with meaningless American denominations, and causing a lot of discontent in the country," replied the business man.

"Indeed," the outdoor man smiled, "there is discontent in the Far East today. But it is the same discontent which sent your forefathers and mine trekking across the At-

lantic in search of a new freedom. The missionaries are largely responsible for it, too, and this fact makes my Anglo-Saxon blood thrill with pride.

"Last time I was in Sumatra," he continued, "looking for a suitable spot to plant rubber trees, I saw the grave of two American boys in the heart of the jungle. Nearly one hundred years ago they gave their lives as a sacrifice to this divine discontent. Today Sumatra is reaping the fruitage in freedom and security.

"It was in the jungle," he went on, "miles away from any town, in a section where only two generations ago the inhabitants were savage cannibals. We followed a path through a dense thicket of bamboos back from the road. In a little clearing at the base of a gnarled dead tree stood a headstone inscribed with this gruesome epitaph: *Here Lie the Bones of Munson and Lyman, Killed and Eaten on This Spot in 1834.*

"Today that clearing is a place of prayer for native Christians who are the descendants of the men that took part in that savage feast. Once a year they go to that spot to consecrate themselves to their new way of life and to pray for the forgiveness of the sins of their ancestors. The countryside in that part of Sumatra is free and prosperous. Schools flourish, the population is trustworthy and self-respecting, and every village has its place of Christian worship. The missionaries did not stop coming because of the death of Munson and Lyman. Today there are as many as fifty thousand native Christians in that neighborhood."

"There you have it!" was the retort. "Fifty thousand more to cherish the pet denomination of the missionaries. Fifty thousand more to inherit eventually the vices as well as the virtues of the West!"

"Not so, my friend," replied the other. "Rather fifty thousand awakened from age-long turpitude to begin to

share with the rest of the human family the long upward struggle of the race."

"You really think the denominational propaganda of the missionary accomplished that?"

"No, not denominational propaganda, but unstinting friendship. The missionary's task is to arouse rather than convince; to win by affection rather than argument. There is only one force he is authorized to use: the force of friendship. Believe me, if I had my life to live over again, I would prefer that work to planting rubber trees!"

"A REAL JOB OVER THERE"

By MARGUERITTE HARMON BRO

Mrs. Bro and her husband, Albin Carl Bro, were missionaries of the United Christian Missionary Society to China from 1919 to 1926. This statement is part of a longer one that appeared in the *Christian Century* in 1930 under the title "Because I Have You in My Heart."

TODAY two friends of ours are sailing back to China. We have known them for several years. He is just an ordinary doctor, with a cum laude degree and a swift arm at tennis. She is a vivacious young woman with university degrees in home economics and an unfailing sense of humor. When they left China he was the only Western-trained doctor among a million and a half people in an area lying between the Yangtze and the Hwai rivers. He managed a large hospital, as mission hospitals go. Something of his quiet, thorough manner permeated the institution. Something of his simple devotion to his task cut through the barriers of language and custom and became a part of those who worked with him.

His wife opened their home to Chinese mothers. They had two children, a chubby little girl of four and her husky brother of two. I have never seen children more fit, physically and mentally. Chinese mothers wanted to learn what they were fed, how they were bathed, what kept them free from trachoma and itch. Sometimes I have thought those two babies were the most effective missionaries in the city, for Chinese mothers are the open doors to Chinese homes.

When the anti-foreign disturbances of 1927 came on, the doctor and his wife felt that their presence was a greater danger than help to their Chinese friends, and consequently they withdrew, leaving the Chinese staff in

charge of the hospital. It was a long trip to the seacoast. When they reached Shanghai they heard that a doctor was needed in the Philippines to help in an epidemic of bacillary dysentery. Home—clean, sanitary America—looked very welcome after six years in the interior of China. Moreover, there were the children; they would have to live in an unscreened house, for both the mission board and the missionaries were without funds to provide a proper dwelling place. They weighed their safety against the pressing need, and went to the Philippines. They lost. Both babies died within ten days. But the lives the doctor saved, directly and indirectly, were many.

After a year of service in the Philippines, they came back to America. Still young—in his middle thirties—the doctor went into the New York Post-Graduate Hospital for another year of training. His wife set to work with a will to recover her health; dysentery, sprue, anemia, had taken their toll. The doctor bent his energy to learning as much as possible about the x-ray, for there is no adequate x-ray in his entire province. In his "spare time" he studied dentistry; there is no dentist in a ten days' journey from his hospital in China, and it would be a comparatively easy matter to train Chinese assistants to look after the department. After fifteen months in the hospital he was offered two different ten-thousand-dollar positions. When I heard about them I said to him, "Weren't you tempted to stay at home and settle down?" He looked at me as though I were joking. "Having had a real job over there," he said, "wouldn't it be fierce to have to stay at home where almost anybody could do your job!"

And so they are sailing today. Their board had a streak of reverses and there is no equipment to go with them except a small unit for which grateful Chinese patients have paid; at the last minute the thousand dollars for dental equipment was lacking. They are disappointed, but not

discouraged. They have learned by their own experience that it is the man and the woman who count; they have the knowledge and the understanding and the long perspective; they have an abundance of that old-fashioned quality of spirit which we used to call faith. They go ahead, and the equipment will surely follow. Having seen a hospital built out of a few bricks and a dream, I have no doubt that they are right.

A new baby goes with them; laughing and chubby and huggable. Yes, they will take every sensible precaution and go right on living normal, healthy, happy lives. And the long line of Chinese mothers will once more come to learn.

Of course they are only one couple returning to their job. But I am multiplying them by the missionaries I know all around this wide world. My own every-day takes on significance when I think of them. There is a letter here on the table beside me. It was written by a Chinese friend. "—And don't stop coming now that your people and mine are beginning to understand each other."

ON BEING THE CHILD OF MISSIONARIES

By HARRIET G. GUNN

Miss Gunn, now Mrs. Roger C. Cumberland, is the daughter of missionaries of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. to the Philippines and later to China. She wrote this article in 1924 while she was a student in Occidental College. Mr. and Mrs. Cumberland are now Presbyterian missionaries in Iraq.

KNOWING a large number of missionaries' sons and daughters, I marvel at the traditional picture of them one gets in current literature. Most of us are as essentially human as any American born and bred at home. Undeniably we are possessed of all the unfortunate tendencies with which children are ever endowed. I had an astonishing aptitude for doing things calculated to undo weeks of parental effort. It has often occurred to me to wonder whether there is a measurable variation, according to field, in the instruments of discipline. The rod may be an absolute standard; but in the Philippines our fathers and mothers use *chinelas!*

I think it is safe to say that almost all missionaries' children are brought up on Montgomery Ward catalogues; the advertisements for bedroom suites make delectable cut-outs, and after the distressingly thin paper has been mounted upon scraps of cardboard, you have a supply of housewifely accoutrements to delight any feminine soul. But Montgomery Ward catalogues are so comprehensive that we learn from them to yearn for all sorts of impossible things. One little five-year-old tomboy in our station remarked plaintively that when she grew up she certainly wasn't going to be a missionary; she wanted her children to have bicycles! But that is an instance of unusual forethought; and I venture now to prophesy that she will be a missionary after all. Actual shipments from Montgomery

Ward, however, stir the heart as truly as its catalogues intrigue the imagination. My *Swiss Family Robinson* was a treasure out of one of them; and no one in our family will ever forget the bitter day when we opened our boxes and found that the cans of cherries which were to have made a "real States cherry pie," had been stolen.

One of the happy things about living in a missionary household is the constant and unusually close association with the other members of the station family—for we are one family. Mission-meeting time, when all of our houses are full, is a high spot in every year; and certainly mission meetings are a socializing influence for the younger members of the mission. The sanctity of the assemblage forbids appeals to parents in cases of dispute, and this means that we must live in comparative accord with one another. And when any of us grow old enough to be allowed to stay up for Stunt Night, we assume an arrogant dignity which makes us insufferable to the younger ones who have to go to bed.

We whose parents are stationed in port cities are, of course, particularly fortunate, for we are privileged to meet a great many people who are journeying to other fields. The breathless excitement of watching great ships come to dock—ships which were in American harbors only a month before—and of waving them out again beyond the breakwater thrills us always. And, perhaps because there are so many ships and people passing through, we are continually put in mind of Hongkong and Shanghai and Nagasaki and Kobe and Yokohama, the ports on our own path; of Bombay and Calcutta and other places beyond our knowledge; and, above all, of the cities in the United States which our fathers and mothers call home. For ourselves, we think of home in different terms.

When the missionaries' children whom I know best are in America during furlough periods, they sing "Philip-

pines, My Philippines," with Manila or Cebu or Iloilo in their eyes; and there was a girl in China who said, with an intense wistfulness, that when she was away at school even the mud flats of Hoihow were beautiful to her. Of course, the mud flats of Hoihow, whatever else they may be, are really not beautiful at all; but I know how she felt, and so does every other missionary's child.

One hears often that missionary life is "unfair to the children" and incurs for them disadvantages under which they must labor for the rest of their lives. Even people who help to propagate the idea of missions and who glorify the supposedly sacrificial life of the missionary pity his supposedly handicapped children. It is a fact that the children who are brought up in stations in the interior, away from foreign communities, miss a great many valuable contacts and that the problem of educating them is a serious and difficult one; but they are blessed, on the other hand, with advantages of tremendous importance. Surely, the opportunity which they have of spending their formative years in an atmosphere which is colored and dominated by one supremely great idea is of at least as positive a value as the more or less casual upbringing which they might have had if they had been in non-missionary homes. I believe it is absolutely impossible to grow up in the beautiful atmosphere of a missionary home without being profoundly and permanently influenced by the spirit which such a home manifests. Signing the Student Volunteer declaration card in college after such an experience is only the seal on a long-held expectation. The mental vistas which college years open make any other life unthinkable to one with such a background.

"UNTIL SHE FIND IT"

By CAROLINE MACDONALD

Miss Macdonald, a Canadian and a graduate of the University of Toronto, after ten years as a secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association in Japan began to devote herself fully to work among Japanese prisoners, a service which she continued to the time of her death in 1931. She was the translator of *A Gentleman in Prison.* This sketch was reprinted in 1928 from the *Japan Christian Quarterly.*

RECENTLY I had an hour's talk with a Chinese man who had just been released after five years in prison. During his imprisonment I had visited him frequently. At the time of his release he was met at the prison by one of my co-workers and cared for until he was able to make arrangements for himself. He speaks the quaintest Japanese language imaginable, the only key to whose understanding is sympathy. He told me the whole story of his life, and I gathered that he had a mother and a farm and a wife and other impedimenta in China, to which he would return when he had saved money for his passage. I also learned, more from the emotion in his voice than his lucidity of expression, that his sole inspiration in prison had been my visits to him.

This visit was the result of the exertions made by one of my co-workers a few days previously in an attempt to find his dwelling place. He lives in a Chinese settlement in Oshima, a suburb of Honjo, in a densely populated factory district. The Chinese there speak very little Japanese; and my co-worker was obliged by a series of dumb shows to enquire his way through a labyrinth of dirty lanes until he located the house.

This simple story is not merely the record of an incident. It contains a moral. It is told elsewhere in a slightly different setting: "And what woman if she lose a piece of

silver doth not light a candle and sweep the house and seek diligently until she find it?" Let no one miss the point of the too familiar tale. It does not lie in the lighting of the candle nor yet in the sound of the sweeping, but only in the finding. "Rejoice, for I have *found* that which was lost."

Not very long ago I gave a man up to justice and he was sent to prison for a year and a half. I had known him during a previous incarceration for the same kind of offense that he had now committed. On this occasion he came to me in terrible distress, knowing that he was wanted by the police. I advised him to give himself up. We sat as we talked by an open door and he could easily have walked out and made his escape. He was a much bigger person than I, and, being a man, was much stronger, that is to say, physically. Nevertheless, I persuaded him to come with me to the police station and we walked down together through Shiba Park at nine o'clock at night, and he neither bolted from me nor resented being conducted to certain imprisonment. When we entered the door of the station I purposely stepped ahead of him and he quietly followed. When I returned home an hour later after waiting to hear the police examination, I "perceived that virtue had gone out of me." I later visited him in prison and when he was released he came straight to my house and thanked me for my many kindnesses. He bore me not the slightest ill will.

Not long ago I went, as I often do, to the large penitentiary which lies on the outskirts of the city and visited five or six of my friends. These men were all serving sentences ranging from ten years to life. Their crimes had not been light ones. What did I say to them? I chatted with one of them about a mutual friend who is ill. Another I thanked for the meal, of his preparing, which I had just eaten, and asked him about his wife with whom

I correspond. I asked the poor vacant-minded boy if he had a mother, and he brightened up for a moment and nodded his head. I asked a university man what he was studying and spoke of his responsibility for the men with whom he comes in contact. The official in charge of us took part in the conversation and when we parted we shook hands and promised each other to do better for these friends of ours. Even prison officials are human beings.

"Methods of work." How the words irk me. The worst method possible was once used to turn the eyes of the world towards God. An obscure carpenter presumed to tell the world what God was like; and he got crucified for his pains. A poor method, surely, of impressing the world with the truth of a cause, and yet even now the Galilean conquers.

People often speak to me about what they conceive to be my interesting work. As a matter of fact nothing in all the world can be more prosaic than spending one's life among the unfortunates and the failures and the sneaks and thieves and the whatnot, day after day and year after year, unless—unless we believe that it is God's chosen work for us to do, and that we cannot escape from it nor it from us. Life, however one views it, is commonplace enough unless one's deepest conviction is that one is a servant of the Most High God, and as such can, to some extent at least, actually enter into the mind of the Master.

OF LUXURIES AND HARDSHIPS

By JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

Miss Mackenzie first went to Africa in 1904 as a missionary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. The following paragraphs are excerpts from her *African Clearings*. They were reprinted in November, 1924, with the permission of the publishers, Houghton Mifflin Company, and are used again here with the same kind permission.

OFTEN you read in books that the missionary lives in luxury, and you are to believe it. He knows it himself—none better than he. When he comes back from a tour of his part of the African forest, and the luxury of his own clearing bursts upon him, he is amazed by it. There it is, like a cup full to the brim with luxury.

Those little mushroom houses of his own planning are shaggy with the thickest of palm-leaf thatch; they stand on ironwood stilts; there is glass in every window of them, and a stove in every kitchen of them, and a batch of white man's bread in every oven. There is a rose before the door and a cabbage in the garden. There is a black boy in the garden—he is the gardener; and another under the house washing out the clothes—he is the wash boy; and a boy in the kitchen baking the bread, and one in the middle room playing a crooked game on the table with knives and forks that are twisted.

These are the wonderful servants of the white man. They cry out with joy when they see him returned from his journey—and I ask you, when did your servants do that? It is a luxury. And they rush to tell the white woman —for there is a white woman in that house, and a calendar (which is a thing of the white man entirely), and the white woman has been telling off the days on the calendar against the luxury of her husband's return. And for that

day she has planned the most luxurious meal. She hopes there will be fresh meat, but if the huntsman fails her she means to "kill a tin." They will have kippered herring or a tin of sausage for supper, and tinned asparagus.

There they will sit under the clear bright light of a double-burner angle-lamp—double-burner, mind you—with their bark walls about them and the forest wall pushed back from their roof and the large expansive stars above their clearing and perhaps the moon in the sky and the sound of dance-drums rising from the valleys, and the degree of their comfort is excessive. They re-read their home letters and the paper that is two months old or the latest novel of three years ago—the sort of thing you would not be found dead doing. Or they look at the butterflies and beetles they have bought for fish-hooks, instead of having caught them themselves.

Nothing could better it—unless it rains. If I could tell you what they feel when it is a night like this and the rain roars on the thatch and from all the eaves there is a fall of water that shines in the lamplight—and the two of them together there, lapped in luxury—you could not bear to hear of it. Envy would bite you, and you would break the Tenth Commandment. It is just the sort of spectacle that makes anarchists. When it rains, none of their thousands of friends come to see them; they go to bed at nine o'clock; and when, I ask you, had you a chance to do that? You see what I mean.

* * *

You wonder if you will tell these amateurs that there are days when the major hardships are as many as there are missionaries at the station, and the minor hardships are as many as the things they say and do; that the character of such a day is evident from its dawn. You know what you are in for at breakfast; and if you are very, very wise,

you know what the other fellow is in for. If you are as wise as that, you take the quinine yourself as well as prescribe it for your neighbor. Neither dose on such a day is superfluous or ever entirely adequate.

Refinements of technique do not come amiss on such a day. Do not discuss the postman's schedule—where he should be sleeping the night, or what may be the day and the hour when he will cast his shadow in the clearing. If there are two of you—and the nature of hardship is based on the gregarious quantity—these speculations will produce an optimist whose postman is winged and a pessimist whose postman has been drowned in a river that has risen under a rain that is about to fall. For that same reason, do not discuss the schedule of steamers; avoid discussion of the merits of station clocks, personal watches, and the time of day. Differences of opinion and desperate loyalties to opposing timepieces in a forest where there is no umpire but the sun, due to set among hills, might breed the hardship of murder. And oh! do not claim inordinate virtues and excessive talents for your house-boy. Let him be as other house-boys are. And don't diagnose this, either.

* * *

You think of these things when you are lonely, on a night of the rainy season when the rain is like a wall about the little house where you sleep. Or you are lying at night in a house by the sea, and it is the breathless hour of interval between the land-breeze and the sea-breeze. You hear an empty surf at your door, and you are lonely. Or it is the horrible hour of midday on a journey by the sea, and two of your carriers are quarreling. You sit on a log in the lee of the forest. You hear their grievances, and you administer your languid and impeccable justice; but in the face of these passionate alien furies you feel your isolation and a loneliness. Your carriers regain their

customary aspect and are at peace again, but all that day they are strange to your heart—there is everywhere a strangeness. Or you are at home in a village all day, and you have friends in every hut of that village; but in the evening there is a strangeness: there is a shadow of degradation. Dusk falls on that village, and in your heart.

Every missionary in the world knows what I mean, and every girl who is wishing to be a missionary should be told of such hours, and cannot be told. There is no way to be telling her.

* * *

There is nothing stranger than a map—with its understood relation to a place, and the way they do not resemble. You would never guess, to look at a place on a map, what its aspect really is. Often I go to the map room in the public library, where I ask for the southern Cameroun. I look and look at that symbol of the African forest until my secret knowledge unfolds in my heart and I see again those little mountains under their green cloak; I cross those rivers in canoes, or by the old, old bridges of the fallen trees; those many little ravines are blue again and full of the trouble of drums. Then I laugh at the map, with its colors and its names; and it is as if, in a group of strangers, you have met the eyes of your friend. And so it is with the listed sailings of steamers—so many and so broadcast: their names and their published ports trouble your mind as little as the birds that migrate in the autumn. But, oh, let them be but due where you are, and they touch you where you live. And of these there is one that drops her anchor in your heart—you call her My Steamer. You name her so, and all your fellow exiles call her yours; your ardor does so subjugate your little world.

* * *

Many a time, when I am in the subway, I remember the ineffable stillness of the forest. I wonder to find myself

where I am—so savagely circumstanced—so pressed by alien bodies—so smitten by noise. Traveling like this, in white man's fashion, you are certainly safe from the snakes and the leopards and the cannibal tribes of that other world where you traveled in other fashions. Now that you are shut up so safely in the guts of Manhattan, your friends feel at ease about you—surely the sun shall not smite you by day nor the moon by night.

And yet, perversely, in this perfection of safety, you are intimidated. Suddenly passive after your desperate adventures with traffic, you feel the hidden things of memory rise and flood your heart; you dream. You remember other times of day than the manufactured night of the subway, and other ways of travel. And suddenly, in the indestructible silence that is the core of that incessant clamor, you hear a bugle calling in a forest clearing that is halfway round the world.

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